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THE ENGLISH ORATOR:

OR,

Rhetorical Descants,

By way of

DECLAMATION,

Upon some notable

THEMES

BOTH

Historical and Philosophical.

For the Use of Scholars.

In Two Parts.

The Second Edition corrected.

LONDON,

Printed for *Obadiah Blagrave* at the Sign of the *Bear* and *Star* in St. *Paul*'s Church-Yard, 1690.

To the Right Worſhipful Sir *Francis Leigh* Knight, of *Wickham* in *Kent*.

Honour'd Sir,

THE firſt Proſpect of your Perſon, methoughts, preſented me with ſuch a Landskip of Candor and Ingenuity, of ſuch ſweetneſs of Diſpoſition and native Goodneſs, as that I preſently began, not only to admire the Scene of your Accompliſhments, but paſſionately to be raviſh'd with the Love of them. The ſecret Charms of I know not what Excellency (Ethicks her ſelf can't give it a Name) that runs through, and adorns the whole Frame and Courſe of your Life and Being, did ſo captivate and affect me, as that I wiſh'd I might be ſo happy as to enjoy the Mercy of your Worthy Acquaintance; and to live under the Influence of ſo much Vertue: I wiſh'd I might be bleſt with an Opportunity of expreſ-

sing the Religion of that Homage and Service, which I owe to you; and of presenting you with somewhat, as a Pledge and Emblem of the profoundest Esteem, and most devout Affection I bear towards you. and indeed, Providence hath been so propitious as to answer my Desires, in occasionally fixing me some time near you, and in placing me within the Verge of that Paradise which your Presence consecrates, wheresoever it is: So that I have been ennobled, nay almost deified in the Elisium of your Company, have become learned by your Converse, have grown prudent by your Example, have been maintained at your Table, have been feasted with Civilities both from your Person and Fortune, and have enjoyed the Favours of all your Circumstances and Capacities: For which I return you an Eternity of Thanks. Neither am I unsuccessful in my second Prayers, Fortune having put into mine Hands an Opportunity, whereby I am capacitated to put somewhat into yours; I mean, this inconsiderable Trifle; which I do not dedicate as a Present to requite you, but rather as a Toy to play withall, and to divert you. I hope you will pardon the Solecism, and Impropriety of the Gift, for I must confess, I am sensible of mine Errour in Prefacing with so stately a Frontispiece, so mean an Edifice; I mean, in prefixing your Name to so poor a Pamphlet; your

more

more curious Ingenuity, large Capacity, and Universal Accomplishments in more solid Learning, I know, deserve a Treatment of the Quintescence and Elixirs of choicer Muses: I am not Ignorant, that knotty Maxims of Policy, Subtleties of Government, and Intrigues of State, a Mystery in Divinity, and sublimer Speculations, are more suitable Entertainments to the Acuteness of your Parts, the Swiftness of your Apprehension, and Penetration of your Judgment: But when I consider, that you have advanc'd so far in all Art and Science, as that the utmost of my Studies can't contribute one Thought to further your Progress; I say, seeing I cannot inform you, I humbly crave leave, with these Toys to recreate you: They were the Spawn and Issue of some spare Hours, and are fit only for the Entertainment of idle Time; 'tis not handsome, nor modish, for me to commend them; only thus much I think I may safely say, If you are inclin'd to sleep, their lulling Quality will be Poppy to your Temples, and may procure a Nod as soon perhaps, as the greatest Narcotick; which if it doth effect, it will do you a kindness, in removing you from the noise of a tumultuous World, and in relieving you with the ease and softness of a silent Slumber. I now withdraw from your Presence, to prevent the Creation of a farther Trou-

ble.

ble. All that I desire is, a candid Acceptance of what is here render'd; which if you shall graciously receive as a meer Testimony of my grateful Respects for all Favours, without any further design on your Worth and Goodness, I am at the highth of mine Ambition, and have obtained the End of my present Addresses. I am,

Honoured Sir,

Helmdon.

Your most Humbly

Devoted Servant,

W. R.

THE

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

I Present thee (most Courteous Reader!) with a Manual of Thoughts on Miscellaneous Subjects. They were hatcht in the Retirements of a Country Cell, and now fly abroad into the World, not so much to boast the paint of their Plumes, and Elegancy of their Dress, as the Newness of their Garb and Habit, wherein they appear; there being nothing extant of this Nature in English, we being wholly destitute of Declamations in our Language. I must confess there can be no great want, or Thirst of Oratory, as long as Quintilian *and* Seneca *among the Ancients*; Putean, Ferrarius, Gardiner *and others of a later Date, have oblig'd the World*

with such eloquent Streams; But yet, their Rhetorick flowing in a Latine Chanel, all are not capable of drinking in their Current. But this Tractate is calculated for Readers of a lower Rank, and yet affords brisk Entertainment for those of an higher. 'Tis written in a modern Style, and is exactly composed after the same Model as usually Harangues of this nature are now adays. The first Part are Flourishes on certain Passages, which occur in History; some of which, Fansie hath adorned with her Conceits on both sides: others on one side, she hath left Untouch'd and Naked: The Latter are Meditations on several Questions in Ethicks, Politicks, and Natural Philosophy, as I occasionally pop'd upon them, and they have pleased my Genius. If what I have garnished them with, please your Palate, the kind Acceptance of this first Dish, will encourage me to treat you with a second Course.

W. R.

THE

THE

Engliſh Orator.

DECLAM. I.

A certain Damoſel reduc'd to want, ſells her Hair to relieve her in her Poverty.

IF no Reproach can ſully the Brightneſs, nor eclipſe the Glory of ſhining Vertue; if the Calumny that perſecutes a famous Exploit, add to the Praiſe of him that atchiev'd it; then our Virgin amongſt the diſtracting Cares of pinching Poverty, congratulates the Cenſure of that Action, by which ſhe ſhew'd her ſelf more than Woman. 'Twould have made the Modeſty of a Maid to bluſh, ſo publickly to be ex-

poſ'd to the view of the World, but that ſhe is inflam'd with that ſacred Ardor, which is kindled in the Breaſt of pious Matrons, when concern'd and zealous for the injur'd Fame of their traduc'd Innocence.

On her own accord ſhe ſues for Judgment, not as if conſcious to her ſelf, ſhe did at all fear, leſt ſilence ſhould ſpeak her guilty; but that ſhe might publickly wipe off all Aſperſions, and might comfortably enjoy her Accuſation: She had no need of an Advocate to defend the ſale of her comly Treſſes, her hard Fortune was Plea ſufficient, and ſhe is abundantly protected by her chaſte Integrity.

This wretched Damoſel in this ſad condition could neither hope for Hatred, nor expect Envy; ſhe ſuppos'd her Miſeries a charm againſt the malignity of the ſevereſt Fortune, and her Obſcurity a ſanctuary againſt any Harm; and therefore doth at once both wonder, and grieve too, that ſhe is ſummoned to a Tribunal; as if ſhe were encircled with a Crown of Happineſs, or were an object worthy of Spleen and Malice. This poor Girl implores your pity, both on her ſlender Eſtate and her Baldneſs too; which was not caus'd by ſlothful Age, or feeble Luſt, but was inflicted upon her by ravenous Hunger

and

and the mercileſs Tyranny of cruel Deſtiny; ſhe was diſtreſs'd in her Infancy, and felt the rigor of Fortune in her very Cradle; where ſhe ſeem'd at once with the ſame cry both to deprecate her Nakedneſs, and lament it too.

Her Miſeries increas'd as ſhe grew in years, and Poverty (as it were) was equally adult with her Perſon too. What ſhould this Virgin do, ſo miſerably involv'd in ſo great Evils? Her extremity renders her Labour and Induſtry vain and fruitleſs; and ſuch a Lent of Faſting had withered the Spring of her blooming Youth into the Autumnal Decays of wrinkled Age. After ſhe had a long time ſtriven, and all in vain, with theſe her ſtubborn and obſtinate Troubles. At length ſhe finds out ſome little redreſs for all her grievances, and an innocent remedy for her urgent neceſſity; ſhe cuts off her Locks to ſupply her Wants. And indeed in ſo preſſing a calamity, ſhe was glad to find any thing that was vendible, any thing that could refreſh the Languors, and ſtrengthen the Weakneſs of her feeble Limbs, and by a ſhort truce prevent the invaſion of approaching Death. If it be lawful with any price to bribe off Deſtruction, and with all arts imaginable, to purchaſe the Comforts of preſent Life, Then, why is this Damſel cenſur'd for a

little deferring her fatal Blow, and for redeeming with Spoils of her own Body the Delights and Pleaſures of a few Days. Although loſs of Hair is an unhandſome Defect in the Female Sex, yet where is the Woman, that ſtudies her Dreſs, or regards Gallantry amidſt the dubious Concerns of an uncertain Life, and the expected Horrors of almoſt preſent Death? Affected Neatneſs and Curioſity of Attire is quite neglected, when the pale Fiend advanceth forward, in a frightful Garb of his own Terrors, darting himſelf in a Glance or Look. Want of Hair is far more tolerable than Want of Bread; and Baldneſs to be preferr'd before Hunger, and the continual Languors of a ſtarv'd Carcaſs. 'Tis far more pleaſant to have no Hair than to dye by degrees, and to periſh inſenſibly by Piece-meal, and tediouſly to depart, and (as it were) after repeated Funerals to breath her laſt. Though a naked Head in a Wench is ſcandalous, yet why ſhould Diſgraces vex her? 'Tis Revenge enough to ſee her pale, and to hear the Accents of her mournful Groans:

Suffer therefore this unhappy Virgin to enjoy the Benefit of her Baldneſs, and let her live in her own Puniſhment. See! The Woods are depriv'd of their Leaves and Ornaments,

naments, and the *Dryades* ſuffer (as it were) an annual Baldneſs for the better Increaſe of their inward Vigor, and that under the pretence and ſhew of Age, they may reſume and flouriſh in a freſher Verdure, and boaſt the Elegance and Flower of their retrieved youth; ſhe cares not for Deformity, Infamy, nor her Religion neither, ſo long as hunger (like an Enemy) forrages within, making Men *Cannibals* to themſelves, and (O horrible!) devouring the Prey of their own Members. When Famine had added Terror to her Eyes, and you might have contemplated her ſtiff Joints, and bloodleſs Cheeks, you would have ſtood amazed at the ſight of this Ghoſt of a Carcaſs; eſpecially to have ſeen, amidſt the ugly Shapes, and Figures of Death, the diſchevell'd Wantonneſs of her looſe Treſſes, nouriſh'd by the Horror and Dread of Fate, and produc'd by ſqualliđ Contagion and Putefraction.

We have here an excellent Example of rare Prudence, and an admirable Pattern of ſingular Vertue. Behold! an unhappy Laſs amidſt the Inconveniences of a Cottage, and other Hardſhips of an adverſe Fortune, deſpiſeth the Blandiſhments and Flatteries of the world; nay more, contemns that, which either Hunger or Want ought to have deſired, ſhe ſuffered that which the Women of *Aquileia* had

done before her, who amidſt the ravenings of War and Famine, poll'd their Heads, not becauſe Grief or Deſpair, but Danger commands them to make hairy Bow-ſtrings.

Our poor Girl hath ſuffer'd War, hath endur'd Famine, yet hath return'd with equal Victory: If therefore you will ſtill go on to condemn her Baldneſs, why do you not condemn her Chaſtity too? And cenſure the Emblem of the greateſt Modeſty? She could not behold her deformity with a greater diſlike than her attempted Virginity; and a ſolicitation to diſhoneſty was in her Judgment capital. She ſhaves her Head, ſells her Hair, leſt her Poverty ſhould tempt her to become a proſtitute; and ſo by the damage of her Beauty prevents her Infamy; pardon therefore the fall and loſs of thoſe locks, which if kept any longer, had prov'd fatal to her Vertue! Pardon that ſhe ſold them, which was not ſo much to prolong her Life, as before a Tribunal to give the reaſon of that her Action. She humbly implores you, to let her enjoy the Innocence of her Calamity, and alſo the Comforts of Poverty, Baldneſs, and Chaſtity.

DECLAM.

DECLAM. II.

Against the Girl that cut off her Hair to relieve her Want.

I Pray do not think that I being a young man do willingly accuse this fair Maid, who besides is young and tender; and had she not lost her Hair, is a Beauty too. There lies a necessity upon me of undertaking this ungrateful Province. Behold this wretched young wench every way surrounded with the greatest extremity! 'Tis true indeed, she is sufficiently embellish'd with the endowments of Nature, but poorly furnish'd (God wot) with the gifts of Fortune; being far better adorn'd with Beauty, than enrich'd with an Estate; she hath a Chest indeed, but small and empty. But though Fortune heaps no Gold in her Coffer, yet Nature hath shed it upon her Hair. But see! at length this blind Goddess sends her gifts, but I fear on hooks, and so baits the Damsel with her deceitful presents. The silly Girl receives with one hand the Boons of Fortune, and bestows with

the other the Goods of Nature; ſhe takes the Money, and gives her Hair.

But (alas!) of how little Value are theſe dangling Treſſes, thoſe ſuperfluous Threads of her troubled Head, if compared with the Omnipotence of ſacred Gold? 'Twas this Opinion that deceiv'd the Virgin into ſuch Deformity, which ſhe had rather richly endure with Money, than poorly without it to enjoy her Beauty entire: and her Charms inviolable; as if one and the ſame could not be fair and needy; and as if the Features of a Woman were not a richer Dowry, than *Attailck* Wealth. Beauty doth that in the ſofter Sex, which Valour doth in the ſtronger; and as this doth enoble the Baſe, and advance them to a pitch of Dignity and Honour, ſo that doth raiſe the mean, & recommend them to the Embraces of Kings and Princes. How vile therefore and what a nothing is a little Modicum, a parcel of Money, if ſtanding in competition with the Divinity of Beauty! This unfortunate Laſs hath made ſuch a Swap as *Glaucus* in *Homer*, who chang'd away his Gold fooliſhly for Braſs, and may deſervedly be ſtyl'd the very Proverb of Stupidity.

But conſider, (I pray) urgent Neceſſity did preſs upon her: The Reward of her Hands could hardly defend her from the Injuries of Cold

Cold and Hunger; Labour and Diligence was all her Poſſeſſion, and her whole Revenue. But who dimiſheth that true Wealth, far to be preferred above *Perſian* Riches? But what hurt is there in a ſhaven Crown, though there is no Money given for the Filth and Excrements of a naſty Head? We confeſs our Hair to be nothing elſe but the Scurf and Dregs of a cribrous Head, ſtretch'd and extended into ſlender Threads; but the more vile the Materials, the more admirable and exquiſite the Skill and Workmanſhip. The Excellency of theſe above other Locks doth evidently appear from the very Deſires of him that buys them, which were greedy and pecuniary. Behold! how importunate his Petitions! How vehement his Wiſhes! and how eagerly doth he long for the Poſſeſſion of them? For this very Reaſon (O beſieg'd Virgin!) becauſe he is ſo inſtant, deny his Requeſt; for if fictitious Peruck's add ſuch a Grace to other Heads, what Glories and Prettineſſes muſt theſe ſcatter upon her Neck, being never tranſplanted from their native Soil, nor ever depriv'd of their natural Elegance.

On this thy Crime do thou thy ſelf paſs Sentence, (O moſt indiſcreet Virgin!) Thou canſt not be acquitted by thy ſelf thy Judge. The richer Metal of thy golden Hair thou haſt

changed

chang'd and truck'd for viler Silver, and haſt deliver'd that to the buyer, which might have been a credit and an ornament to the ſeller— Beware therefore for the future of thine own Glaſs; for that which even now did pleaſe thee with the lovely reflection of thy flattered Image, now affrights thee with the mormo's, and repreſented horrors of thine ugly Shapes: neither is there any reaſon why thou ſhouldſt expect a milder doom from our Tribunal, whoſe Candor, Smiles, and expanded Brow, your filthy Baldneſs hath terrified, and converted into contracted Frowns.

DECLAM. III.

Tiberius *did well, in forbidding the Kindred of thoſe that were Condemned to Lament and Mourn.*

IF the ſacredneſs of Laws ought to be kept and preſerved inviolable; and if a domeſtick Conſpirator is more dangerous than a foreign Invader, then wicked Sighs breathed

thed out for Criminals, are to be accus'd as guilty, and mourning Weeds preſage as much the Fate of the Mourner, as the Death of him for whom he grieves. Certainly the Emperor did well conſult the good of his Citizens, who forbad and condemn'd both the Rebellion and Impiety of thoſe Groans and Tears, that were both uttered and ſhed at a wicked Funeral. That Conſpiracy ought to be buried in the deepeſt ſilence, which, with a clamorous grief, would recal the ſoul of an expiring Tyrant, repair the decays of waſted ſtrength, and with a new Life reſtore freſh and more vigorous Treacheries. It had been Noble and Generous at the Death of a Captain, though an Enemy, to perform ſuch Funeral Rites; which his Soldiers would have celebrated with ſolemn Pomp. Thus in vain the Heroe of old breathed his Soul into his gaſping Companion, in vain he embrac'd him, clos'd his eyes, and in vain he embib'd his laſt breath: But when a Villain dies, let his Neighbour fear, nay let his unhappy iſſue too, to ſuck and receive his laſt ſpirit, leſt the wretch ſhould bequeath in the Legacy of a Sob his crime, and ſhould pant ſlaughter, and ſo after death live in his kindred ſtill a Murderer; as mad Dogs by biting, and Hags by kiſſing, inſtill their poiſons, and leave a deadly Dart on their

Friends

Friends Lips. Hence often it is, that an innocent Son poſſeſſing the Soul of his damn'd Father, inherits his Vices and his Puniſhments too.

The Deities would hove us dumb and ſilent, who with ſecret Darts do ſcatter Death, forbidding all Noiſe, but their own Thunder, and ſeeing no Body that's guilty dies lamented by his Neighbour, we muſt obey Fate; Thus one being ſmitten, the prudent Herd conſulting its Safety, denies a Refuge to the wounded Deer, and willingly complies with the expert Archer to prevent the Slaughter of more Sacrifices.

Grief trickling from Parents in ſuch liberal Showers, ſeems to ſuſpect the Integrity of the Judge, and to accuſe the Magiſtrate of Injuſtice too, whilſt he is thought to be corrupt, and his Power criminal. And indeed, well may ſuch Tears affright, and terrifie, which do patronize wickedneſs, and its Authors too. Thou they diſtil ſilently, and in their firſt Drops diſcover only but feeble Angers, but at length, when Floods ſhall meet with Floods, and Plaſts of Sighs are oppoſed by Blaſts, then the Deluge of Sorrow ſwells into Complaints, and Boils, and Ferments into impotent Revenge. The Aſpect of theſe Mourners grow fierce and cruel,

el, who execute with their Looks, and murther the Assertors of their own Right. After such mild Severity, and so calm a Storm, let it shame the Citizens to weep more! Let them blush to grieve for dying Treachery, and let not the out-cry of a Conclamation, but more pleasant Noises attend the Herse! If a doleful Mother always pregnant with a vitious Brood, should still deplore her nefarious Off-spring, in vain are Prisons, and Tribunals; where the Hypocrisie of Grief, and counterfeit Lamentation corrupt the Fidelity and Integrity both of Judge and Witness; and so the Guilty enjoy their Suffrages, and so numerous Patrons of Vice do expiate the Crime.

If Guilt be in so great Esteem, let the Guard be armed from a full Prison, and let the weeping City, reduced and profligated by a rebellious Citizen, feel those Treacheries, of which the lamented Villains were the Authors! and let it deplore the loss of its robust Vigor so plainly enfeebled by their Strength; Thus the swift Hart is grieved at his Horns, when their unprofitable weight does hinder Flight, and when the useless burden of his branched Head shall expose him as a Prey to the cruel Hunter. The Condition of the Republick was more prosperous, and flourishing after the Slaughter of these Citizens; For

whilst

whilſt friends do torment and joyfully puniſh malefactors, the old Contagion begins to languiſh, and that priſtine fury diſpers'd amongſt many dyes, and determines in the author only: But if turgent Sorrow ſhall improve the fertility of growing Impiety, and the poiſon that nouriſh'd in one member doth not only infect a ſingle Man, but corrupt alſo the whole Alliance; then the compaſſionate Father in vain laments his conſcious Grief, the Mother in vain repents of her unjuſt Sorrow, and that ſhe hath thus polluted her innocent Tears, which deſerve to be puniſhed, not for her own, but only for the guilt of her condemn'd Son. And thus, whilſt the ſame Crime hath made them all equal, and they are as much ally'd by Vice as Blood, let the whole Family be accus'd, and the whole Progeny be condemned! let no ſolemn honours confiſcate with his Heritage, attend his Herſe; nor funeral-Rites grace and adorn his profane Pile! Let not his condemned Aſhes enjoy the repoſe of a quiet Urn! Let his Carcaſs lie unburied, that as well dead as alive he may ſuffer puniſhment.

DECLAM. IV.

The Carthaginians *did very ill, in crucifying a Captain unadviſedly waging War, though he returned with Victory.*

THough a reverend Eſteem is to be ſhewn to Laws, and the Sanctions of the Countrey are not to be deſpiſed, yet 'tis unjuſt (methinks) to condem to the Croſs this Captain, who ſo unwillingly did violate but one of theſe, and that meerly to defend the City, and all things beſides, from the Violence and Injury of a furious Enemy. Law-givers know not what a day may bring forth; their Conſtitutions and Decrees muſt give place a little when occaſion ſhall require, the Prudence of the General is diſregarded; leſt, if the Magiſtrate ſhould by a Gibbet deterr the Soldiers from conquering againſt their Orders, they ſhould ſo much fear capital puniſhment, as not to endeavour the ſafety of the Republick. How doth this Captain fluctu-

ate,

ate, afflicted with the dubious fate of *Metius*, being on all ſides diſtracted by inſtant Death! If he ſhould be conquer'd, he becomes a Sacrifice to the inſolence of his Enemy; and ſo Ruine and Deſtruction muſt needs befal him; but if he triumphs, the Croſs, a Gibbet, and a more ignoble Fate attends him. However he had rather try the Clemency of noted *Carthage*, than expoſe himſelf, his Country, to the Cruelty of a Victorious, and odious Nation. He hop'd that his good Succeſs might have eaſily atton'd for the Envy of the Fact, and that it would not have been ſo ungrateful to *Carthage*; in regard he had been ſo advantageous to it. He fights therefore and overcomes, and by the Votes of the *Carthaginians* he is adjudged to the Croſs. A Man certainly moſt worthy of life, who for the publick Good made himſelf obnoxious to ſo ſevere a Death.

But what unjuſt Cruelty is this, to hurry a Conqueror, ſpared by the Tempeſt of War and Arms, to a Puniſhment more barbarous than his Enemy's Sword? He that contrary to the Laws, and with ſuſpence of Succeſs or unfortunately joins Battel, let him endure the deſerved Smart of his own Raſhneſs; but whoſoever inflicts Penance on a Conqueror, whoſe War both the Favour of the Gods, and the Event do allow of, he both diſquiets and accuſes

accuſes Heaven. By what an unhappy Kindneſs of the Fates hath our Captain ſurvived the Battel, to be reſerved a Victim for the ignominious Croſs! He might have fell (being conquered) by the Revenge of his Enemies, without the Crime of a guilty Judge. But whilſt by the unjuſt Suffrages of the Citizens he is puniſh'd with a Gibbet and diſgrac'd too; the Life of the Conqueror, and the Juſtice of the Country go both to wrack.

So falls our Captain, as famous for the Merit of his excellent Valour, as remarkable for the diſgrace of an ungrateful City; who, that he might render *Carthage* victorious, was not ſtartled at the Danger, either of Field or Tribunal, but twice hazarded his Life, and had twice conquer'd, if the *Carthaginians* had not been more obdurate than his Enemy's Soldiers. He dy'd not being overpower'd in Battel, neither through his own Miſcarriage or Default of Fortune, his Puniſhment is aggravated by the unworthineſs of it, for he is adjudged by them to Death, to whom by his Victory he gave Life.

This great Severity may be thought the greateſt Juſtice; which though it may be defended perhaps by Law, yet not in Equity. What if the Captain being aſſur'd of Victory did not expect the Commands of his Country?

An

An Enemy may be conquered before it can be determined by the Senate, whether a General ſhall fight or not. The Fate of this Officer is very deplorable, who might be compell'd by the Laws to be conquer'd, but could not overcome ſecurely againſt them. But the ſenſe of the Law is to be regarded, and not the terms. The *Carthaginians* forbad their Generals to fight againſt the Orders and Conſtitutions of their Country, becauſe Captains, eſpecially young ones, are inflam'd with a deſire of Renown and Victory, and oftentimes run upon an Engagement raſhly; ſo that the Strength and Proſperity of the Republick is much abated, and the Glory of their Nation obſcur'd by the fatal overthrow of their defeated Army.

But our Captain, wiſe and prudent, as well as valiant, knew he ſhould conquer before he fought; neither is it to be doubted, but that the Law-givers themſelves, if they had been preſent at the War, and had underſtood the conveniences of Fighting would have adviſed to them an Encounter. How unjuſt therefore is it to condemn that, which, if preſent, they had approv'd of; and that too after the Victory was won, and Trophies raiſed through the Conduct and Valour of this wiſe Captain!—Certainly there is reaſon to ſuſpect

that

that the *Carthaginians* did not ſo much take ill the Violation of the Law, as they envied the Honors and Triumphs of the Victor, and therefore cenſur'd him to ſo ſhameful a death. His doom was barbarous and cruel, and if after the dangers of War the Citizens ſhall thus at home threaten the Croſs to their victorious Captains, they may deſervedly fear, leſt hereafter they ſhould want Men to defend their Countrey.

DECLAM. V.

Whether Codrus *did well in devoting himſelf to deſtruction, and loſing both his Life and Liberty for the Safety of his Country.*

Againſt Codrus.

SEeing there is no Happineſs to a People, but what depends on the Counſel and Valour of a prudent Prince, He therefore that

that throws away his Life for his Countries Good, ſeems not ſo much to prevent its Miſery, as to encreaſe and haſten its approaching Ruine. For after the Deceaſe of a valiant Emperor who dares not aſſault a People wretched, and without a Head? Who dares not provoke them being deſtitute, and void of Strength? Who hopes not to ſubdue them, and to raiſe Trophies to himſelf from their Spoils, ſeeing they are without Counſel, which is a ſtronger Fortreſs againſt their Enemy, than Bulwarks and Caſtles.

The ſudden Death of *Codrus* might perhaps remove from his Country ſome preſent Calamity, it might perhaps diſperſe an imminent Storm: But (alas!) to what Evils is it left expos'd, now he is gone, who could alone preſerve it, who whilſt he lived was its only Safeguard? There is no Law obſerved now the Emperor is dead. The diſtracted People ſheath their Swords in their own Bowels, and by mutual Slaughters bring that Deſtruction upon themſelves, which was forbidden by the Oracle to fall upon the *Peleponenſians*. No Homage, and Obedience is paid to Governors, the Subject hath ſhaken off the Yoke from his Neck, and every Miſcreant lays unjuſt Claim to that Empire, which was left by the Prince's voluntary Death — Thus (O *Codrus*!

drus!) Haſt thou involved others in thine own Ruine, and thy Death hath been more pernicious to thy Country than ever could thy Life be, which was ſo Odious (as thou thought'ſt) to the *Athenians*; but yet 'twas ſo Dear to the Gods, as that thine Enemies were commanded not to deprive thee of it, or to dip their Swords in thy precious Gore: But thou diſdain'dſt ſo kind a Favour, and by fighting (like the Giants) againſt Heaven, haſt expoſed thy ſelf to an ignominious Death: For *Codrus* did not Heroically, in the Field, diſcomfit his Enemy with a threatning look, neither ſhining in Armor, or beſmear'd with Blood, did he breath his laſt; but deludes his Enemy with a Diſguiſe, in the Habit of a Poor Man, and doth ſpontaneouſly embrace a degenerous Death.

Seeing he undertook ſuch Great Things for his Country, he (without doubt) propoſed to himſelf great Rewards; ſuch as ſhould purchaſe him an Eternal Name, and tranſmit his Fame to future Ages; but who will lament his immature Fate, whereas the Ruine of the Republick is to be more deplored? What Subject will ſing his Encomiums, ſeeing he hath deceived not only his Enemies, but his Friends too? His Fate is deplorable on both ſides, ſeeing by his Death the Garland is won,

and

and the Empire is deſtroyed. Thou waſt inflamed (O *Codrus*!) with too great a Devotion and Zeal for thy Country, who waſt ſo forgetful of thy Life and Liberty, and didſt ſo contemn the care of the Gods. If the former courſe of thy Life was juſt, yet now thou haſt committed an heinous Crime, thus by offering violence to Nature, and exerciſing Tyranny over thy ſelf. Let not Nature be thus violated!

Codrus hath loſt his golden Liberty, to free his Country from filthy Bondage; hath laid down his Life to give it continuance, and to reſcue it from Death; but how can it ſurvive, and live, when he is dead, who by his Valour alone did preſerve and defend it, and who (whilſt in Being) was both the Delight and Ornament of the People. He had more prudently conſulted the *Athenians* good, if he had ſtill reigned, and if the Enemy had not kill'd the Prince, but the People, and brought them to ſo ſad and fatal an end.

Thus liv'd this ſtout Hero, who might lawfully ſupport the ſinking State, might puniſh the pride of his triumphant Enemies, might with his Life and Valour (ſeeing he could purchaſe Victory by his own Blood) have animated and encouraged the conquered *Athenians*, and repay'd their ſlaughter again with ruine.

ruine. For 'tis not the part of a valiant Captain to yield at the firſt wound, but obſtinately to purſue flying Victory, and with a pertinacious reſolution, ſolicite adverſe and reluctant Fortune; and as it were extort violently from the Gods the Palm of Victory.

Codrus by his ſignal Piety to his Country, hath through his Death purchas'd to the *Athenians* Victory and Safety; But yet he had ſhew'd himſelf more wiſe, and valiant, if eſcaping but one, though unhappy battel, he at length by a more proſperous event of War, had made himſelf Victorious, and his Country too.

DECLAM. VI.

Whether Paulus Emilius *did well, who, utterly deſpairing of the Safety of the Republick, ruſh'd wilfully into the Battel, and caus'd his own Death.*

AFter ſo unfortunate a Management of Affairs, after ſo cruel a Slaughter of his Soldiers, and the total Overthrow of his whole

whole Army. Can *Æmilius* (do you think) live an ignoble Life? Do you believe I can endure *Hannibal* flush'd with Victory, and triumphing over a routed Conſul? Seeing my Soldiers are ſo ambitious of the Glory of Valour, that when their Strength fails, and their hands are unprofitable, they had rather expoſe their heads to the Conquerors weapons than decline a Fight, as if they would hinder Victory, when they cannot conquer: Seeing my Common Soldiers give ſo excellent a ſpecimen of *Roman* Courage, ſhall *Paulus* their General baſely fly? Seeing my ſtout Cavalry protected me in the Battle, and ſo bravely fell in the hot Diſpute, ſhall I baſely ſurvive them, and run to *Rome*? And there (like Women and Children) lament the Ruine of the State which I had ſo illy defended? Shall I only ſhed Tears for my Country, whilſt you Faithful Souls pour out no leſs that your laſt Breath? Rather let mine Enemy ſlice me into a thouſand pieces, and ſpill my very Heart-blood, that the Citizens may know, that I contemn Death with the ſame Courage, as I did formerly their unjuſt Reproaches, & let the Conqueror *Hannibal* underſtand, that we have yielded to him in Fortune only, but not in Valour. I fear not to be cenſur'd Raſh and Furious, and too unadviſed in my Actions,

Actions, for what do I deſire that ſeems ſo unreaſonable? Seeing I cannot live without Reproach, and Envy, I only ſeek an honeſt Death.

You all know in my former Conſulſhip, when things were better with me than now, how I ſcarce eſcap'd with my Life from the Popular Tumult; And what do you think the diſpleaſed People will do in ſo great a Deſolation and Slaughter of their Soldiers? But why do I mention things of ſo long a date? In this preſent Conſulſhip the ungrateful Citizens did upbraid with Sloath and Cowardiſe, though by my Care and Counſel, I diverted this Plague that hung over their heads, and reſcu'd my men from the jaws of their Enemies by detecting their Treacheries. What a man have I ſhewed my ſelf in this Battel, who have fought illy, and (ſeeing I durſt not die) who have fled more baſely? Fanſie me leading, like Cattel, the remainder (if there be any left) of my rallied Army, through unwayed Mountains, and Summer-Thickets! Fanſie us to fly (like Hairs) and to be ſtunn'd with the noiſe of our cloſe Purſuers! Fanſie us entring the City overwhelm'd with grief, and their Sorrow to ſwell at our Approaches! I am not to be carried there (after the *Roman* Manner) in a Triumphant Cheri-

ot; and indeed, I know not the uſe of ſuch a Chariot, unleſs to carry me to the utmoſt Limits and Bounds of the Earth, whither the Name of *Hannibal*, the Report of this Overthrow, and the Execrations of the City cannot reach.

Methinks I ſee the Patrons, and the Clients mix'd together, and all in Publick! Methinks I ſee the wretched Matrons running on all ſides to the Hallowed Temples, and ſweep the Altars with diſhevell'd Treſſes! We hear nothing but the Howlings and Lamentations of the Citizens; nothing but the Complaints of them that weep. In vain they do now implore my Aid; now they curſe that unhappy General. Methinks, I hear the enraged Multitude railing againſt me in ſuch Language; Give me my Children! Reſtore my Parents! Return my Soldiers, who may defend the Walls! All which Clamour is an harſher Sound than noiſe of the treacherous *Carthaginians*, that aſſaulted us in the Rear, than the Groans of Soldiers beſet with Enemies, than the diſmal Voice of *Hannibal*, whereby he pronounced to his Soldiers certain Victory.

But though things are grievous, yet if they benefit my Countrey, I can bravely bear them. I could wiſh to live though in Diſgrace

and

and Infamy, if thereby I could any wise advantage the Republick. But what Profit can accrue to you from the single Valour of one, and he but a private Person? Where else can I have another Army? With what Courage will Soldiers fight under so unhappy a Captain? Surely they will find a more prosperous General? Why being a Coward do I live so long; unless it be to see another Consul subduing those Enemies that conquer'd me, or to see the demolish'd Walls of *Rome*? The former will reflect upon his Name, the latter injorious to his Piety; but a glorious Death will deliver from the Infamy of both.

I will follow you (O my Soldiers!) and with you will I die, and (what pleases me most) I will die in the Battel. Neither will I perish by every obvious and feeble Hand. I will break my way through the thickest Ranks, and through the midst of mine Enemies Weapons will I smite *Hannibal*. And (my dear Fellow-Soldiers!) I will appease your Ghost, either with the Victors Gore, or else sacrifice mine own, and so shall I escape Contumelies, and Reproaches, and shall wash away mine Ignominy with mine own Blood.

DECLAM. VII.

Whether Tullius Hostilius *did well, who first taught the* Romans *the Art of War?* Aff.

I Am perſuaded you marvel that I being in a Gown, ſhould take upon me the defence of Arms: But I do not perſonate the Soldier, but act the Orator; and why ſuch wondering at my Undertaking? Seeing I am only about to defend that, which both protects me and the Republick too 'Twas War that laid the Foundation of the Common-wealth, and 'twas War that raiſed it to ſuch a pitch of Glory. In vain the Warlike God of *Rome* had in ſtoln Embraces begat *Romulus*, unleſs the Youth by Traduction had his Fathers Spirit. In vain had *Numa* taught them ſacred Rites, and holy Ceremonies, unleſs *Hoſtilius* by his Arms had protected his Religion, and ſacred Worſhip of the immortal Deities. *Jupiter* himſelf is of no Eſteem without his Thunder, and diſarmed *Apollo* appears ridiculous.

Rome

Rome the Mistress of the whole World, meerly flourish'd by the help of *Mars*; and hath raised eternal Monuments and Trophies of Valour; whereas other Nations have lived gloriously without Arms. Not the least Spark of *Roman* Prowess had appeared, if *Hostilius* had not instituted Martial Discipline. 'Tis true, War doth sometimes rage amongst harmless People, and those must needs be subdued, who cannot with Arms assert their Right. You would not have your Country the Scene of War, but how can you expect a Freedom from the same, when every Member of the State wages an intestine War against it self! I mean the mutual Conflicts of disagreeing Passions; and (if we believe Philosophy) we had not liv'd unless sprung from the Quarrels of the jarring Elements, neither can we die unless dissolved by the Discord of our first Principles.

Is Martial Discipline ingrateful to your Ears? And must this Art, worthy of Eternity, be utterly abolish'd, without which *Domitian* could not so much as kill a Fly? Perhaps you dread a Warlike Death? As if Soldiers so well acquainted with it, did not know how best to suffer it; as if they did not understand what themselves were, who behold Death daily triumphing over dead Bodies, so

that we may ſay (what ſome of Philoſophy) that the Military Art is the Meditation of Death——*Hoſtilius* did not inſtitute it by Man's Advice, but by the Counſel of the Gods. For there was in the World ſuch Softneſs of Spirit, and Effeminacy of Mind, that this Art of War was given from above to prevent the Degeneracy of the Maſculine Sex. *Jupiter* himſelf had had a Squab upon the Earth as well as *Vulcan*, unleſs *Mars* and *Victoria* had come to aſſiſt him againſt the Giants. And do you not yet eſteem *Gravidus* for a Deity? Is his a fictitious God-head, when Emperors his Adorers are eſteem'd Deities? Do you thus requite him? If this be the Caſe, Away (ye Philoſophers,) with your Heroical Vertus! Away with thy ſacred Buckler (*O Rome!*) dropp'd from above as a proof of its Divinity! Away with the feigned Gods of the Poets! and with *Jupiter* himſelf! Let Heaven fall!

But I fear, leſt, if I am too tedious, the Tribune will inflict upon me a Military Mulct. I have ſounded a Retract: And if you think I have not defended *Hoſtilius* well enough (like an Orator) with my Tongue, I am ready to fight for him (like a Soldier) with my Sword.

DECLAM.

DECLAM. VIII.

Whether Horatius *is guilty of Death, who killed his Sister for weeping at the Sight of the Spoils he took from her* Paramour? Aff.

CEaſe to wonder that I dare appear againſt and accuſe *Horatius*, whom the *Romans* have acquitted, and unworthily crowned with triumphant Laurel! Behold! the Man beſmear'd with his Brother's Blood; and being not content with one Impiety, he goes on to propagate unexpiable Crimes. Thou wretched Villain! Whither did thy Fury hurry thee, thus to revenge the Tears of thy Siſter dropp'd at the Herſe of her deceas'd Sweetheart, thus, not to ſuffer her to enjoy her Lover, nor to lament him neither? It had been more becoming thy ſelf, a *Roman*, to grieve that he happen'd to be an Enemy, and that 'twas thy Misfortune to ſhed his Blood, and that thy Reſpect to thy Country had ſo ſurpaſſed thy Kindneſs to thy Family and Siſter. Love and Mildneſs are natural

to Women; and therefore not to be remo
ved with Sword and Violence. Thou wa
content not with the Victory obtained ove
the *Curiatii*, but thou venteſt thy Rage upo
Female Innocence, and levels thy Malice a
thine own Siſter.

O horrid Wickedneſs! worthy the Me
mory of future Ages. For who but this *Ho
ratius* (like a fierce Lion from his Prey
would have returned from the Slaughter o
his murdered Brother, and not yet glutte
with Blood, would ſheath his Sword in
Woman's Bowels? What have ye done (O
Romans!) in acquitting a Perſon both guilty
of a Parracide, and Ingratitude too? How
can you endure that ſuch a Miſcreant ſhould
live within the Confines of your Empire?
Thou (O impious *Rome*!) who haſt filled the
World with War and Ruine, and contemneſt
the Deities with reproachful Threats;
Thou (I ſay) at length art juſtly puniſhed,
and deſervedly ſuffers the Thunders of the
Gods, and the Frowns of Heaven. Thy
Foundation was laid in Gore, and thy Deeds
are bloody, and thy Off-ſpring vitious and
debauch'd. Why doſt thou glory in ſuch
lewd Actions? And why doſt not thou puniſh
this Murderer amongſt the moſt flagitious
Malefactors? If we ſhould ranſack the Cor-

ners

ners of the whole World, we ſhall never find an Example, that can parallel the Ingratitude, and the ſavage Barbarity of cruel *Horatius*; who offering his vanquith'd Enemies, to his angry and injured Country, hath committed an heinous Fact, and hath ſully'd his Name with perpetual Infamy, in ſpilling the Blood of his Sister for a Sacrifice to his Fury. *Nero* and *Caligula*, thoſe monſtrous Parricides of that Age, deſerve not ſo much the Names of Apes, and Vipers, as he to be branded with eternal Ingratitude.

If (according to the Saying of that noble *Roman*) it is more honourable to ſave one Citizen from Death, than to ſlay a thouſand Enemies; of what a horrid Villany then is he guilty, who after a ſignal Victory hath inhumanly deſtroyed a poor Woman, and took away the Life of one, for whom he had done well, if he had reſign'd his own? What if full of Fury, he came laden with the Spoils of his conquer'd Enemy? What if his Sword was ſtill dy'd with the Tincture of their Blood, yet the Inhumanity and Bruiſhneſs of the Action deſerves no Mercy? Should he travel the Univerſe, he could ſcarcely find a Patron of his Wickedneſs.

DECLAM. IX.

Horatius *vindicated.*

I Wonder with what Face the *Romans* dare condemn *Horatius*, who reſcu'd even now from Fire and Sword, not only your Republick but your Lives too, who hath ſnatch'd them from the Jaws of Death, and ſafely preſerved them. Ingrateful *Rome*! How hath he deſerved ſo ill at thine Hands, as thou ſhouldſt thus deſtroy him? 'Tis a bloody Crime to kill him, to whom thou art more obliged than to thy Father *Romulus*; For he only drew the bare Model of the City, but the other ſecured it when Populous with Inhabitants, when crowded with People, and ſurely 'tis better not to be, than to be a Slave.

But why is he come to this? What Fault is there in him, beſides his Indulgence (if that be a Crime) to his dear Siſter? Who was the only Cauſe, that ſhe ſhould enjoy, being dead in the Shades below, that Sweet-heart, whom ſhe could not obtain alive on Earth above. But if he did it out of meer Revenge,

then

then this is as commendable as the former Action, and there is more of Glory, more of *Horatius* in this, than there is in that; For his noble Spirit ſcorned that a *Roman* Lady, and his Kinſwoman too, ſhould with improper Tears, and unſeaſonable Grief ſo ſervilely lament the Death of his Enemy. He would not have the very Sex to want its Praiſe; and ſo great was his Zeal and Affection to his Country, as that he would not ſpare his offending Siſter. But if none of all her Vertues, and Deſerts can wipe off the Guilt, or make an Attonement for this Crime; yet pardon (I beſeech you) her for her Fathers ſake. Pity and behold him with much Clemency; he will ſcarce ſurvive after this great Diſgrace, and thus you'll kill two Noble *Romans* with one Blow.

But conſider, I pray. His Provocation to the Fact extenuates the Guilt: For ſeeing your ſelves, your Fortunes, and all that you have you owe to his Valour, that unhappy Woman by her impertinent Grief, ſeems to prefer the Safety of the Enemy, before her Father's, or her Countries Welfare; and appears to be troubled at nothing elſe, but that the Third did not periſh with the two other Brothers. *Rome* may ſhortly want another Preſerver, for the *Albans* are a free People,

People, never under Subjection, and there
fore 'tis doubtful, whether they'll keep thei
League, and endure your Government, ut
terly diſregarding their own Liberty: An
then *Horatius* may be as uſeful, as he was be
fore; and that Army which ſent back thei
Legions untouch'd, and triumphant to *Rome*
may again moſt wonderfully defend you, an
ſtrike a Terror into all your Enemies: Fo
without doubt where ever is this other *Ge*
nius of our Common-wealth there will be th
Fates of the *Albans*. For our valiant Ca
ptain hath deſtroyed their Forces with hi
own Hand.

But now if a Father's Prayers and a Fa
ther's Tears, if a Victory purchaſed by him
ſelf alone; If Innocence and the Danger o
an enſuing War cannot waſh off, and ex
piate this Crime; Go on then with you
raſh Judgment! Puniſh with Death this ex
cellent Citizen! Condemn (if you pleaſe
ſtout *Horatius*; but conſider withal you
Strength is weakened, your Sinews are cut
and that *Rome* will fall with its brav
Captain.

DECLAM

DECLAM. X.

Zopyrus *cunningly commanded his Body to be torn, and wounded, that he might betray, by the Stratagem, the City of* Babylon *to King* Darius.

For Zopyrus.

THough it may seem unjust to lay down our Lives for the Publick Good, because repugnant to Nature, and inconsistent with the Cowardice of timerous Men; yet there is nothing certainly more noble and glorious, than after the vertuous Course of an honest Life to resign our Breath, and all for the Safety of our King, and Country. Now this *Zopyrus* that so in'ur'd his Body to betray the City, is as commendable as he, who falls a Sacrifice for the Kingdom's Glory; For he did not die with Infamy and Disgrace, but lived not only to the Honour of his Country, but to the Reproach of his Enemies, and to his own Credit and Reputation

tion. If the Welfare of the Publick had requir'd his Life, he would have laid aside Mortality, and have put off his Body as willingly and as readily, as he had deformed it. And thus *Zopyrus* devotes himself to Ruine for the Safety of his Country. And how much better is it to deface the Beauty, to tear the Limbs, and to rage with Cruelty on the Parts of his Body, than to melt down his Strength and exhaust his Spirits by Softness and Luxury, and so to ruinate the whole Structure.

Who more worthy than *Zopyrus*? Who more to be belov'd? Who to adorn his Country with Peace and Glory, hath represented himself an ugly Spectacle. Whosoever dispraises him, doth in effect commend the Timerous and Slothful, and hints this as his Disgrace, that he had profusely spoiled the Sweetness of his Aspect, the Charms of his Face, and wasted prodigally his very Blood for his Country, and shews he had rather the Desolation of the Publick, than the Ruine and Destruction of one private Feature. He hath survived long enough, who hath liv'd to the Publick; and his Days are not to be accounted short, who is registred in the Monuments of immortal Fame.

'Tis an unworthy Age that prefers Beauty before

before Valour, and that is much displeased that the Country owes its Defence to Scars and Wounds. Behold *Zopyrus* grasping Victory with his own Hands! See the demolish'd Walls! the burnt Houses, and the whole City of *Babylon* lying waste and raz'd! and those things that were in vain attempted by the Strength of Thousands, are now effected by the Arm and Policy of one Man! Go on, brave Captain, with thy undaunted Valour! Despise the Reproaches of malevolent Tongues! And big with Renown, the Reward of thy Deserts, be thou a Monument of Valour, and an unimitable Pattern to succeeding Ages!

DECLAM. XI.

Against Zopyrus.

IF *Zopyrus* had well weighed and considered of those exquisite Pains, which he so miserably suffered in his tortur'd Body, certainly he would never have exercised such Cruelty on his innocent Members, and by an unhappy Stratagem, have wounded his Enemy through

through his own Bowels. He had better have killed himself outright, than thus to besmear himself infamously with Blood, and to inflict upon himself those dolorous Torments, which make him weary of his Life, and to covet Death.

Though he was so sturdy as a little to endure the sharp Penance of his slashed Limbs, yet he unwillingly suffered that ugly Deformity, which made him horrible to others, and a wretched Spectacle to his own self. The squalid Complexion of his crimson Face was so far from pleasing, that it terrifi'd *Darius*; and if he affrighted the King, for whose Glory and Honor he endur'd the Penance, how much more loathsome was he to others, who may justly doubt whether he be a Man or Fury? For the loss of his Lips, Nose, and Ears make him rather resemble the Picture of a Monster, than the Shape of a Man; For his Cheeks are besmeared with a ghastly Die, his Eyes are glutted with the Streams of his own Blood; and he that should triumph and boast in shedding his Enemies, by an unhappy Error, spills, and wallows in his own Gore.

But now he deservedly feels the Smart of those Punishments he inflicted upon himself; he affects not the Sweetness of refreshing

Odors,

Odors: But is ſad and melancholly amidſt the Scents and Breath of perfumed Roſes; his Ears are ſtopp'd, and hears not the Voice of charming Eloquence; his Mouth is crammed, and utters no Oratory, but remains ſilent; ſo that every one doth injure and affront *Zopyrus*, and vex his Sores with new Wounds.

Thy Caſe is ſad, *Zopyrus!* what is there that can delight thee in the whole World? All Men hate thee, and all fear thee: Wherefore think thy ſelf ſcorned and odious, and ſee (if thou haſt got any Eyes) thy maimed Limbs, and lament the Defects of thy crippled Body: But this is thy only Comfort, thy Neceſſity (according to thy Deſerts) of ſuffering theſe things. But now, if the want of theſe Members make him ſo dreadful a Spectacle in the Sight of others, how frightful and cruel muſt he ſeem to his own ſelf! For who would lick his own Blood? Who but a mad Man would with voluntary Stripes chaſtiſe himſelf? In this he appears more bloody than a Butcher, who, though he ſlays the Beaſt, yet ſpares himſelf; But he, after he had wreak'd his Spight, and Rage on his Enemies, he executes his Tyranny upon his own ſelf, and that not ſo much out of a Concern or Affection for the Publick, as to diſcover his Cruelty and Madneſs, for which

he

he is rather to be puniſh'd than commended. And what Reaſon is there, why he ſhould not ſuffer, unleſs becauſe he cannot endure enough? For his Members already have been ſo ſorely handled, that no Cuts, and Slaſhes, no Pungency can be added to his former Dolors; unleſs all his Pains be ſwallowed up by the Sting of Death; wherefore without doubt, he had never committed ſo heinous a Fact, unleſs encouraged by the hope of a proſperous Fortune. But we do not ſee that *Darius* advanc'd him; and indeed neither did he deſerve Promotion; for he might have ſhewed his Zeal and his Courage for his King and his Country many other ways, and thoſe more proper for, or becoming a Man. But that which increaſes the Abſurdity of the Action was, he ſtain'd his Hands in needleſs Blood, which neither the time nor neceſſity did require of him; For neither thy Country, nor thy ſelf (*Zopyrus*) were in any danger; and *Darius*, without thine Aſſiſtance, could have either contemn'd *Babylon*, or elſe have conquer'd it. What if the City had been overcome? What if thy *Perſia* had been laid waſte? Thou couldſt not have died more miſerably, than thou didſt now; For thou haſt ſo hack'd and hew'd thy Manlike Face, and ſo baſely ſpoi-

led

led thy handsome Limbs, that I question whether the Enemy could have mangled thee more. To conclude, I prethee (*Zopyrus!*) be sensible, by thy loss of thy great Folly, and wish for (though too late) and prefer thy Safety before a Victory.

DECLAM. XII.

Brutus *perceiving that his Son's endeavour'd the Restauration of Kings among the* Romans, *drags them into the* Forum, *and before the whole Assembly caus'd them to be scourged with Rods, and afterward cut off their Heads.*

For Brutus.

SEeing the first Age of *Rome* was so miserably spent under the cruel Tyranny of seven Kings, and because the City in its Infancy was so oppress'd as to be ready to expire

pire in its very Cradle, I'll be hang'd, if ever the *Romans* are Lords of the Earth, or if the City be ever Empress of the whole World; I dare warrant that the Sceptre shall never any more be sway'd with Tyrants, and that extinguish'd Monarchy shall never be reviv'd, so as to involve us again in another Bondage. The People of *Rome* have found by Experience that Kings are not only proud by Name, but by Nature too; and that they have infringed the Liberties, and Privileges of the Publick; and that though they were valiant, yet they did not so much protect by their Courage as destroy their Subjects. I cannot relate without Dread and Horror, how often *Tarquin* hath drawn his Sword against the City, how often he hath more rag'd in Peace, than in times of War, that he might see the Gaspings and distorted Looks of dying Men; that he might hear the Sighs and Groans, and the sad Complaints of the Miserable.

Whosoever wishes a new Succession to this last of Kings, he is worthy to suffer all manner of Thraldom, he is fit to be the first Instance of his Cruelty; and let him endure a Tyrant in his very Father. If such Princes as these are fit to rule, let your old Distemper return again; if you delight in new Fury, and in a fresh Disease, then let Kings be restored again.

again. But if a Consulat Government excel a Kingly, which doth not only punish the Murderers of the Citizens, but takes care for, and defends the Liberty of the City, then let Monarchy die with *Tarquin*; and let not one Tyrant rule with a milder Government, but let more Nobles consult and act for the Good of the Publick: Let them defend the City as well from Domestick Confusions, as Foreign Invasions; and seeing both the Consuls have Power and command over one City, and that but a little one, let them conquer the Nations over which they preside; let them make their Enemies and Captives become their Citizens, and all the Provinces of *Italy* to become *Roman*.

A single Monarch being hardly enough for one Sceptre never by Conquest enlarg'd his Dominions, but suspecting the Fidelity of his People, he is wont to rule in Poverty, and Want, by Reason of his Oppression, whereby he uses to defend his Territories; and he weakens his Subjects to prevent their Revenge. Various Slaughters suffered not *Rome* to grow to the State of Manhood; not was it safe for the Kings that the *Romans* should wax old, lest any by their Deserts should aim at the Kingdom; so that Punishments and Torments were inflicted to suppress the growth

growth of flourishing Vertue. Thus the People under a *Roman* King obeyed a Tyrant: No Man lived securely, but whosoever was suspected, though harmless, was condemn'd to Death, and whosoever lamented the Innocent, was punish'd as Guilty.

But now the Consuls emulating each others Vertue, make Laws for themselves, as well as for the People; and defend with their own the *Roman* Liberty. One can't so much oppress, but the other is as ready to redress their Grievance: Neither can they vex the Republick with private Animosity, but they must turn their Fury upon their own selves. And thus the haughty Lion affrights with a Noise the common Herd, and preys only upon little Flocks, but when he hath in view another Lion, he is struck dumb, and silent; and they both disdain the neglected Cattel, but both emulous and jealous of each others Honour, and neither brooking the equality of a Rival, do engage mutually, and terrifie no more the despised Droves, but exert their Fury upon, and seek to devour their own selves.

If this Consular Government please the Senate, then these *Roman* Youths may not by Force subvert it without Punishment. They seem to undermine the City,

to

to affect the Kingdom, and to revoke themselves instead of Kings. These Younkers certainly aspire too high, who take up Arms against the Fathers, Consuls, and established Laws of *Rome*. Professed Enemies, that dare do any thing, never strike at the Form of Government. Every Nation may (as it pleaseth) dispose of its People, and may restrain them by what ties it listeth; and Cities at Enmity do not give Laws to themselves, nor do they foment civil Broils among their Citizens, or embroil their Citizens in civil Wars.

Seeing therefore the Government of the Consuls is either to be establish'd by the Death of the Conspirators, or to be abrogated for the future by a free Remission, the most just *Brutus* did justly condemn his Sons for the Liberties of his Country, and for the Privileges of *Rome*; And that he might not survive a childless Parent, he the Asserter and Father of the Laws hath translated into his own Family, and hath adopted the Citizens in the room of his Sons.

DECLAM.

DECLAM. XIII.

Against Brutus.

AFter the Foundation of the Empire laid in Blood, and such a continual Succession of horrid Cruelty, (as if it was just, that as *Rome* in her Infancy consecrated her future Grandeur by so barbarous a Crime, so she should defend her Safety by repeated Slaughters, and Parricidial Murders maintaining thereby the Limits of her Power,) I say, after the frequent Violations of the Laws of Nature, and the Exile and Banishment of proscribed Humanity, or Prescription of exiled and discarded Humanity; 'Tis no wonder that *Brutus* should exert his Rage on his own Flesh, and more cruel than *Indians* (who only devour their dear Friends) should wreak his Fury upon his own Bowels. He slays his own Sons, those dear Pledges of himself, because he would not favour the private ties of Affinity: But let him satisfie his Fury so savagely, and that he may be a Safe-guard to *Rome*, let him be fierce and inhumane.

Cease

Ceaſe (ye *Romans*) by the help of the Gods to reduce and ſubdue foreign Nations, ſeeing *Rome* by her ſhedding Blood, and by her flagitious Crimes, hath given her Specimen of her future Impiety; and *Brutus*, the Aſſertor and Patron of *Rome*, having left his Enemies, proſecutes with Hatred his own Sons, and triumphing at home in a bloody Victory, is become a Conqueror within his own Houſe. Let not the Deities hope any more for their wonted Flames, nor for the ſolemn Pomp of former Victims, ſeeing *Brutus* ſpared not his very Houſhold Gods; whilſt he equally forgets both his Piety, and his Sons; by the Death of his Offſpring he ſhews himſelf to be but a cruel Parent, by whoſe Blood he hath purchaſed an ill gotten Liberty.—After ſuch great Specimens of an ambitious Spirit, and Crimes ſucceſsfully committed againſt the Republick, he now attempts a greater Wickedneſs, and that ſuch an one, which cannot be expiated by any Sacrifice. For having got the Empire, and by the Death of the Kings, having obtained his Deſire, he does now begin to wanton in Cruelty, and being back'd with Power, doth more violently rage. His Sons, that reſiſt his growing Tyranny, he proſecutes with a cruel Affection, and ſtrikes them through with Darts of Love; and (like

a swelling Deluge check'd by Violence) he invades them presently with a double Force, and lets them fall as Victims, for the Defence, and Safeguard of the new Empire.

Most unhappy young Man! whose Valour alone hath made them miserable! who have done nothing worthy of Death, unless it be capital, to resist the unjust Pride of their Father, and to defend *Rome* from the Treacheries of *Brutus*. Things are now come to that pass, that there is need both of the Pious and Valiant to restore the Republick; For what could they do else? If they had not offended against *Brutus*, they had sinned (which had been worse) against the Gods and Countrey too. A Crime is to be chosen, about which they did not long deliberate. The vainer name of a Father could not affright them, nor the Reverence of a Parent deter them; For let him be no longer a Father of Children, if he will be no more a Parent of his Country. The young Men had a natural Veneration for Majesty, and therefore respect and honour the Kings, and defend their Prerogatives to their last Breath.

The City was so oppress'd with Cruelty and so bloody with the Slaughter of murdered Citizens, that the Gods themselves could hardly relieve it without exposing them-

seve

ſelves to Death and Danger. But *Brutus* haſtens to his Sons with the greateſt Zeal, and at once doth uſe both Prayers and Threats; he ſooths them up with winning Inſinuations, he accoſts them with Language as ſoft as deceitful. He objects unto them the Honour, Glory, and Allurements of Empire, the great Pleaſure and Privilege of Governing: But our young Men oppoſe, and embrace not this wheedling Courtſhip, whoſe Fidelity is not to be ſhaken, either by Price or Pleaſure, no not by Death it ſelf; and therefore the cruel Father advances himſelf to the higheſt pitch of Fury and Impiety, and by the diſmal Tragedy of his Sons, ſacrifices to the Liberty of his Country; that thoſe whom he could not provoke by his Ambition and Tyranny, he might at leaſt overcome by Death and Envy: Thus whilſt he hath beheaded his Sons, and endeavours to ſpill his own Blood, he doth not only loſe the Reputation of being Humane, but buries his Name in Silence and Oblivion. He deprives himſelf of the Comfort of Poſterity, and of that Immortality, which is for ever propagated by a dear Off-ſpring.

DECLAM. XIV.

When a certain City was daily haraſs'd by continual War, the Citizens at length decreed among themſelves to demoliſh the golden Statue of the Emperor, to coin Money for their Support, and Maintenance.

For the Citizens.

IF you know not the Greatneſs of Imperial Majeſty, and how much to be defended by the Lives and Eſtates of loyal Subjects; I ſay, if you do not any otherwiſe underſtand it, yet from hence you may learn, namely, that the Glory of the whole Empire depends upon the Safety of the Emperor, and as often as War ſhall require, Subjects (like Bulls to *Jove*) muſt fall Victims to their Prince: Then certainly, 'tis no ſuch great Matter to expend a little Gold (otherwiſe unprofitable unleſs in War) for the Honour of the King, for the Defence of the City, Palace, nay

nay of Majesty too. Nothing could be thought on more noble, and more redounding to the Honour of the Emperor, or give a greater Proof of a Deity, than that golden Statue pull'd down and demolish'd in the Defence of the City. If the Imperial Image could so protect the weak Citizens, and (by I know not what Charm) shews that it can affect somewhat that is August and Magnificent, if the Royal Effigies could affright Enemies, could stretch out its fatal Arms, and kill those with the Cruelty of a Look, whom it cannot wound with its extended Hands; I say, if the meer Figure could doe this, what shall we think then of the real Person, whose Statue could drive away his approaching Enemies? Let it therefore be demolish'd, and by its Fall, let it prove, that there is nothing belongs to an Emperor, but what is Divine.

We read that the Statue of *Scipio* did protect the *Italians* from the *Carthaginians*; and that his Reliques and Ashes were as useful to *Rome*, as the living General. We know that an Enchantress can wound a Man meerly by waxen Images, and at once can hurt the Original and the Copy too; can strike the Image, and hit by Sympathy the Man too; so that 'tis not so great a Matter for the Im-

perial Statue to effect these things, seeing waxen Puppets have something of Life in them, and become Arbiters of Life and Death. Behold the Misery of the poor City! Contemplate the sad Looks, hollow Cheeks, the Paleness of the Inhabitants at the Thoughts, either of present Danger, or fearfull Expectation of future Death! Both the Subjects and the Statue are all like to perish, and like to be involv'd in the same Ruine. But is it not best to preserve them to secure the Citizens, the Walls of the Empire, and lastly, to protect the Emperor himself, and all by the Destruction of one Statue? For 'tis easie after a Conquest, to erect, and raise new Images, and new Statues, and those greater; and with the Relicks of this Gold, after Fights and Overthrows, to make an absolute Image, and consecrate it to *Cæsar*.

Let the golden Statue and the sacred Image be quite defac'd, that it may be restored and raised more August and Divine: We do not envy the Emperor that piece of Divinity, as to be absent, unarmed, invisible, and yet by this Art to be present at his Battels, to stir up the feeble Citizens, whereby he shews himself not so much to be an Emperor, as a God.

Though 'tis an heinous Crime to violate any

any thing, that (for their noble Exploits) is consecrated and devoted to the Memory of our Ancestors, yet seeing neither the Peace of Countries can be enjoyed without Arms, nor Arms be procured without Pay, it may not seem a Wonder, if we endeavour by our honest ingenuity, to free our selves from forreign Invasion, and restore our selves to our former Liberty, and ancient Glory. Ingenuous Spirits are ashamed to be put under, and to submit their Necks to the Tyranny of a Yoke, and to become Tributaries to those whom we have freed from Ruine and the Jaws of Death; therefore we thought it good, rewards adding Courage to Soldiers, to scrape off the Gold from the Imperial Statues, and to coin it into Money, and that not to defend our selves only, but the Gods too: For we were reduced to that Extremity, that unless we had laid out our Money and Care for the Safety of the Country, we had certainly perished and been destroyed by them; The Temples had been robb'd of their Gods, and the Deities been depriv'd of their Temples too; they had condemn'd us to hard and miserable Bondage, and that which went neareſt to us, they would have shackled our Hands with unwonted Chains. But by this our Trick, we have prevented

our Enemies from sacking *Rome*, and have triumph'd over those who would have conquered us, and that which makes us more noble and happy, we have not flinch'd from our first Enterprize, but have stoutly resisted their fierce On-sets, and have subdued our cruel Enemies, and that with our Ancient, and truly *Roman* Valour; and have put their Necks, impatient of Bondage, under our Yoke, and (the Gods favouring our Cause) we have wholly routed them, and reduc'd them.

Behold our Enemies, enrag'd with Grief, do lament and howl at their miserable Fate! and curse our Valour, and good Fortune too! Behold on the contrary us walking in State and Pomp! we are received with publick Acclamations, and the Gods have congratulated our fresh Victory, and thank us for preserving them untouch'd and safe! With what Solemnity will our Triumph be celebrated in *Pompey's* Theatre? With what Joy and Shoutings are Trophies erected in Honor of our Victory? With what Care is the Gold and Silver restored to their respective States? And the People of *Rome* are so far from derogating from, or eclipsing their Splendor, that they take Care to preserve them, and to adorn and gild them with greater Curiosity.

Rome

Rome being secure from, and having lost its Rivals, and the Gods being free from all fear, let us not withdraw from Tumults, and betake our selves to Ease and Quiet! Let the City enjoy her former Beauty, and Magnificence; and let the *Roman* People display their wonted Glory! Let the Soldiers boast of their Wounds and Scars, and let them esteem them their most honourable Badges, and Ornaments of their Bodies.

DECLAM. XV.

Against the Citizens.

RElegion is preserved inviolable among all Nations, and there is no Villany so extreme, no Impiety so cruel, as to allow of, and favour horrid Sacrilege. A very Enemy himself (though never so much incens'd) would scarce suffer the sacred Temples, and the Monuments of our Ancestors to be profaned and spoiled. But (ye *Romans!*) ye have laid aside all Conscience and Religion in so basely demolishing the Representative of the Emperor, which you ought to have

protected with all your Strength, and with as great Care as the Prince himself. Besides there was no need of committing so great a Crime; for the Desolations of War threatning Poverty, and the grim Aspect of approaching Death, ought to have animated them, and increased their Courage in the Defence of their Liberty and Country, and of their own Safety, and of their Princes too.

O most earthly and sordid Soul! who breaking the Laws, and contemning and despising both Gods and Men, have thus villanously profaned most sacred Majesty, (little less to be adored than a Deity it self;) so that the Gods are unsafe, and *Jove* justly fears, lest you vile Mifereans (like *Dyonisius* the Tyrant) should presume to pull his golden Beard. If you could no otherwise have defeated your Enemies Army, you had better have embrac'd an honest Death, than to endure a Life so scandalous, and stain'd with so horrid a Crime; it had been better to have been oppress'd with Poverty and Bondage, than so ignominiously to live, and to purchase your Liberty at the price of your Innocency. What Sacrifice can attone for this Fact? Ye have (O ye *Romans*!) by throwing down the Monument of the Emperor, made an Attempt on his sacred Person, and so are guilty of High Treason. We

We do too much indulge the Parricides in suffering them to be openly and publickly defended, whom the Gods would have punish'd and slain too; For the appeasing of whose Anger the whole Religion of the City can scarce suffice: Because if we rightly consider their Losses, we shall find somewhat which besides War, and a Siege, we ought to deplore; somewhat that is sad and Tragical, which cannot at all be ascribed to an Enemy; For behold here are Citizens, who have added this impious Cruelty to all our Miseries, that we seem merry to be supported by the Benefit of our Sacrilege, and midst the Terrors and Hardships of War and Hunger, to dare to abuse the Emperor, *i. e.* to profane, violate, and contemn the Gods themselves. If an Enemy had done this, we had hop'd for a Victim and would have made them by their Fall to have expiated and aton'd for their Guilt. But now with what Hope? with the Assistance of what Deity can we take up Arms? For we have lost our Courage, our Innocence, and (which is more) our Emperor too. Our Enemies rejoice, and begin their Triumph from our Crimes. The wicked Citizens boast as if they had defeated Hunger, and their Enemies by their horrid Sacrilege; and indeed so they have;

for

for the Heinousness of the Fact had fear'd them with its Horror, and put them to Flight, unless its Blackness had recalled them and moved them to Revenge, and so made them with a double Fury fall upon the Sacrilegious, and exert their Rage upon them. If Despair should make us Conquer, yet we should blush to enter the City, and be ashamed to visit those sacred Temples, whose Holiness we have polluted with our unhallowed Hands.

Behold how these pious Inhabitants have preserved their unhappy City! They have got their Sustenance by Sacrilege, by which we are fed for Sacrifice, though a whole City is not Victim enough for such a Guilt, where the Gods, the Emperor, nay our Enemies are to be atoned, and satisfied. We do not complain of trivial Matters; nor are we content with a single Grief; but we lament the Condition of the whole City, which these Villanous Parricides have distracted, wasted, and spoiled in the Emperor: For after they had defiled themselves with this black Crime, they propagated the Contagion to the Vulgar, that every one might bear the proper Guilt of his own Sacrilege: It grieves us to think how with a ravenous Mouth we devoured the dismal Gates, and

how

how greedily we ſwallowed even the horrid Impiety. We owe to the Citizens that we live, that we can courageouſly behold the Horror of the Fact, and ſo great an Inſtance of Cruelty. You thank them for reſtoring your decay'd Strength, for arming you with your Emperor, and making that a Prey to the Enemy, which they themſelves ador'd whilſt in the Temple. They have ſpoiled the tutelar Deity, more venerable than Hunger; they have ſpoil'd the Emperor, more Auguſt than the Image. They have ſpoil'd that, which ſtanding, we might have liv'd innocently, even in the Ruine of the City. If a Conqueror had entred, we might have been ſecure; for the ſacred Majeſty of ſuch a Statue would either have extorted Religion from them, or if they have none, 'twill teach them ſome. But our Grief hath overcome our Hopes, and we have defil'd our Miſeries, and (which is the laſt that belongs to the Miſerable) we have loſt Pity.

DECLAM.

DECLAM. XVI.

Manlius Torquatus, *to maintain the Discipline of his Camp, killed his own Son.*

For Manlius.

I Am not ignorant with what Prejudice I stand here before you in the behalf of *Manlius*; For I fear that these sad, and harsh Commands will be very ungrateful to your tender Ears, which yet are wholsome for my Son, who either by Fate, or through Shame of declining Battel, was driven into the Body of his thickest Enemies, and (as it happen'd) prov'd Victor: But he, whom no Law or Edict either of Father or Consul could keep from rashly breaking his Rank and Order, is to be restrained by the Sword. Let not Martial Discipline be corrupted by one ill Example, lest the whole Army suffer through Default of one.

Our *Manlius* aim'd at something to be done, more August and Glorious than the

lost

ſoft Effeminacies of fond Parents; His Paſſion was more ſtrong and ſevere than to defend and patronize his Bowels, his Off-ſpring, in ſo great a Wickedneſs. 'Tis inhumane and horrid to hate his Iſſue, but yet to ſpare ſuch a Son is worſe than Hatred: The Law and Republick can't be ſo ſatisfied; Let the Son ſuffer for his Raſhneſs, rather than the Common-wealth rue for the wicked Indulgence of his Father. What People did ever more religiouſly preſerve Martial Diſcipline than the *Romans*? To whom Warfare was far more ancient than Parents or Children; whoſe well order'd Troops have advanc'd them from nothing to the Dominion of the whole World; neither can the *Roman* Glory be eclipſed, nor the wide Empire of the Victorious, ſhrink or decay, unleſs this ſtrong tye, or union of diſtant Colonies be diſſolv'd by Effeminacy, Luſt or Luxury; whilſt with a well diſciplin'd Army (like a well fortified City) they did repel the Onſet of their invading Enemies, they always returned with triumphant Eagles; But whilſt the Son of *Manlius*, breaking his Ranks, obtains the Victory, he departs only not conquered.

You have here (moſt equal Judges) *Manlius* acting the part, not ſo much of a ſtout and valiant General, as of a ſolicitous, and careful Parent,

Parent, nor more commendable for his Justice than his singular Clemency, who even consulted the Good of the Republick though 'twas to his own damage. He thought it far better to be the Lord of the Country, than to be called the Father of so stubborn a Son; neither did he study only the Good of his Country, but of himself too; and whilst he punish'd his Son with Death for declining the Commands of his Father, he preferr'd an honest Reputation before an infamous Offspring; and seeing he could not beget an Heir equal to his Parent, he would have none survive that is unlike so great a Captain.

But *Torquatus* lives still, and as long as Martial Discipline, and Laws of Camps do flourish, *Manlius* the Patron of Arms will survive, and never fall or decline, but with the very Standards: Seeing he smote with the Ax his only Son, he hath vindicated his Name from devouring Obscurity. Thus he hath prolonged his Life by dying, and surviving himself, hath e'en by Mortality made himself Immortal: And so aged Valour withstanding the Teeth of Time and Rottenness, hath transmitted him to Posterity without an Heir.

DECLAM. XVII.

Whether it be lawful to use Persian *Pomp in the midst of War?* Aff.

WHy should I doubt, I know no Reason but that only seems unlawful (*Persian*-like) to grow rich. We adore a penurious and a hard Fortune, and lament the loss of a golden Age, not so much because we are Vicious, as because we are Beggars; yea our Minds are so impoverish'd (Necessity causes such a degeneracy) that we cannot conceive the Splendor of the *Persian* Equipage. It becomes the Lords of the Earth thus richly to fight; That Magnificence is honest, and those Ornaments glorious, which are only the Rewards of Swear and Valour. *Perficus* describ'd with his Sword the whole Universe, and comment'd *Geographer* by his own Victories; he understood *Bactria* from a Cloak, and the *Sugdiani* from an Helmet; his Steed hath been laden with Spoils of several Nations, and why then should he not proudly prance, who hath dar'd to fight for his Harness, and Trappings,

pings, and who did level the Mountains, and lay flat with the ground his Enemies too, that he might vex his creſt with their weighty Jewels?

That Pomp doth juſtly excuſe Pride, and is neither vain, nor ridiculous, which is the Reward of ancient Valour, and is a ſpur to new. Thoſe who are afraid of Ghoſts and Goblins, who can't undauntedly contemn the Fates, nor dare provoke Death; Let them combate in ſquallid Weeds, and mournful Dreſs: But thoſe that are of an approv'd Valour, and who draw Fortune after them bound in Chains, to whom 'tis the ſame to War and Triumph, why is it not lawful for them to breath Perfumes, to ſhine with Oils and Balſoms, and to enjoy the Feſtivity of a crowned Brow, and to uſe in War all the pompous Luxury that attends a Victory?

Let the rude Vulgar contemn that which is noble and gallant, as if Robes of Kings and Triumphal Garments muſt declare the Mind to be proud and ſoft: we have often ſeen Vertue (I know not by what Unhappineſs) half clad in tattered Weeds, and ſcarcely cover'd without a Figure: But as if vile Raiment were a Vertue it ſelf, it will be a Reproach to the deſerving to be richly attir'd; neither is he thought worthy of Praiſe, who

dies

dies for his Country, if he ſacrifice himſelf with well ordered Hair, and if by chance an importunate Hero ſhould with a trim Aſpect put to flight his Enemies, the auſtere Laws would condemn him, as though ſtill drunk with Victory. When *Rome* was reduc'd to ſo great extremity as wholly to deſpair of its ſinking Empire; when the Sinews of War began to crack, and the Strength of the Republick began to languiſh, and *Roman* Valour could atchieve no more, the Senators did not take Sanctuary in Forts and Garriſons,, nor did fly to Arms, but adorned themſelves with their Robes and Purple; whoſe Senatorian Pomp repreſenting the Sages as ſo many Gods, did ſtrike ſuch a Reverence into the amazed Enemy, that ceaſing to reſiſt, and aw'd with the Religion of the ſolemn Spectacle they began to fear, retreat, and worſhip. What need we care? If adverſe Fortune befals us, we ſhall die in the ſame Gallantry, wherein we fought, and to the angry Deities fall crown'd Sacrifices: But if our Succeſs be proſperous, that will give Credit and Reputation, and recommend the Honeſty, Vertue of our Magnificence, and will vindicate the Lawfulneſs of our cenſured Glory.

DECLAM.

DECLAM. XVIII.

Whether Philostratus *did well, who, to make Death Familiar, lived in a Tomb seven years.*

Against Philostratus.

WHen I contemplate nothing but the noisome Ruines of dead Men, and am conversant only amongst Vaults and Sepulchres, I seem already sentenced, and adjudged to Death, having no other Company in my squalid Solitute, but the Society of Monuments and learned Marbles. I am encompassed on every side with gaping Tombs, but they are not vocal; for amongst the Histories and Epitaphs of famous Heroes, you will find a silence as deep, as the dismal Cell wherein they are cloistered. Here you may see the Urn of a Commander adorned with Poetry, and Lawrel boughs, but as speechless as the heaps of his Enemies over which he triumphed; There you may read Inscriptions as

as durable as the Stone on which they are written, and which are sacred to the Memory of a voluble Orator, whose Mouth now is fuller of Dust, than 'tis of Eloquence; and he that even now was begirt with a Ring of living Admirers, now stands surrounded with the dumb Attendance of breathless Images.

It is reported that the Statue of *Memnon*, saluted by the Rays of the rising Sun, became vocal, as if the dead Image was ambitious to proclaim the approach of so great a Deity, and as if that Musical God that found our Harmony had been the Author, and Inventor of Sounds too. But we need not the Influence of a propitious Heaven; here you may behold a Monument never saluted or seen by the Sun, and within it a Philosopher (like a certain Oracle) uttering Speeches darker than the Cavern wherein he lies: For our *Philostratus* inhabits at once both his Study and Sepulchre too: He reads melancholy Volumes that treat of Death, and meditates of certain I know not what trivial Notions, and invokes the Fiend with as fervent Zeal, as the warmer Poet his beloved Muse. But oh, *Philostratus*! we have heard sometimes that the Muses can inspire, but never knew before that Death could dictate. Away with those solemn Thoughts about your latter end! Fly

swifter

swifter than Fate from the putrid Rhumes of filthy Carcases, and keep thy self as safe from these as thou wouldst from Death! For within the narrow Confinement of this sordid Cave, there is nothing lives, besides thee and Worms: The Air is infected with Stench and Rottenness, and the Place is infested with nought but Horror; with the deformed Shapes of Ghosts and Goblins.

'Tis true, we read of the Vestal Virgins, that being once deflowr'd they were interred alive, and were condemned to the perpetual Darkness of a dismal Den; and so extinguish'd at once both the Flame of their Life and Lamp too. But if thou (*Philostratus*!) liest hid any longer in the Cloisters of thy Tomb, we will suppose thee as criminal as the guilty Nuns, and think the Austerity of thy Life to be not so much thy Choice, as thy Penance. What Pleasure lies hid in the Obscurity of a Charnel-House? Wanton Lovers affect the Night, that they may act in Darkness; But behold! all things are unfit for lascivious Embraces, all as cold as the Marble under which they lie; no Kisses to be gathered, but from mouldred Lips, or from the Fragments that are left by glutted Worms.

Behold thy Companions in thy gloomy Cave!

Cave! Here are the Legs, and Arms, the Ribs and Thighs of thy scattered Ancestors, as void of Life as they are of Flesh; There lies a Head, which, robb'd of its Beauty and Brains too, is a lively Image of that Death thou adorest; behold the Sockets of their extinguish'd Eyes! See the Ruines of a nibbled Nose, as if devouring *Venus* had been preying upon the Dead, as well as at the Riots, and Feasts on the Living.

What heinous Crime hast thou committed, that thou alone shouldst live amidst the Corruption of rotten Carcases; and inflict upon thy self that Punishment, which the greatest Tyrants do on their worst Enemies; *i. e.* join thy self alive to dead Bodies? But thou (O *Nero*!) in the mean time deservest Praises, as great as the Universe, which thou rulest, who after a cowardly and ingrateful Revolt of thy Soldiers, and their Reproaches, more intolerable than their Crime, didst deny to go quick into the Earth, and wast content to rest under a little Spot, who hadst the Possession of the whole Globe: It becomes thee who hast subdued the World under thy Feet, to die standing, and thou, who didst contemn in thy Looks and Language the Bowels of thy dear *Agrippina*, would easily despise the viler Entrails of thy common Mother.

'Tis

'Tis the Part of a valiant, and Heroick Spirit, even against Fate it self, to level at those who sit triumphantly out of the reach of Darts, in the Victorious Chariot, and to fear no more Death's blunter Darts, than the keener Steel of their Enemies. Vain are the Terrors of that petulant Fate, which in this only differs from a smooth Chameleon, that the latter is supported by the Attraction of Air, the former by the Surreption of another's Breath: There is no Reason therefore, (*Philostratus!*) to spend seven years in a Tomb, the better to overcome a momentary Death. The Destinies are Sisters, and weak in Sex, and infirm too; and their Instruments are softer, than the Wool they spin; what! does a Distaff, a Thread, and Scissars affright thee? These are the Toys, not of Men, but Women; and are as harmless, as the soft smooth Fingers, by which they are managed. Physicians tell us, that decayed Nature is repaired again in the space of seven years, and that Men are oftner clad with new Flesh, than new Garments; which if it be true, we believe thou livedst (*Philostratus!*) not that thou mightst die, but that thou mightst retrieve thy Youth, and that the whole bulk of thy Body (like the Hairs and Nails of other Men) might be revived, and flourish with

new

new Life. But beware, leſt whilſt thou lurkeſt in this gloomy Shade, the Fates ſhould think thee already dead, and ſo ſhouldſt loſe the expected approach of the deſired Deſtinies, becauſe already buried.

Seeing therefore, Thou haſt ſuch an earneſt deſire to know Death, leave this Dormitory, and betake thy ſelf to *Mars*'s Field; and there thou may'ſt ſee the Soldiers brandiſhing a Sword and Death in the ſame Hand, which as ſwift as Arrows, pierces the Breaſt of ſtout Champions, and purpled with Gore, victoriouſly triumphs over proſtrate Captives! Think and meditate on divine *Brutus*, who with a careleſs Gallantry diſcourſed with Spectres, as with his familiar Friends But if theſe Martial Camps, more dreadful with Horror, than Throngs of Men, do not pleaſe thee; Fly to the mourniful, yet laſcivious Tents of *Venus*, and there behold Virgins (like Baſilisks) kill with the Artillery of their Looks, ſhooting from their Eyes Glances keener than the Shafts of their Enemies; For a deep Furrow of a contracted Brow ſtrikes a greater Terror than thy Sepulchre, and one tyrannical Averſion of a diſdainful Eye, ſcatters Darkneſs as blind as the God of Love. There you may hear fruitleſs Groans equalling the Torments of a neglected

glected Paſſion; and ſuch bluſtering Sighs, as if they would blow out thoſe Flames, which they ſo violently fan; There you may ſee Tears flow from a diſconſolate Lover in ſuch a Deluge, as if they would extinguiſh thoſe Fires which firſt cauſed them. Behold the Heart and Entrails ſo ſcorch'd and burnt, that you would think their Breaſts not ſo much the Fence or Guard, as the Urn of their Bowels.

In theſe Places, that Fate, which thou ſo deſireſt, thou mayſt with the ſame labour both ſeek, and enjoy, and (like buried Lamps) mayſt find in the open Air that Death, which thou couldſt not obtain in thy cloſer Grave. This we think (*Philoſtratus!*) to be a Prodigy greater than thy Life, that whereas the Names of others do ſtill ſurvive becauſe they are in Tombs, thine lives becauſe thou waſt a Sepulchre; and that Immortality, which others acquire by courting Fame, thou haſt purchas'd by deſiring Death.

DECLAM. XIX.

Whether Cimon *did well, who for the more ſumptuous Interment of his Father, ſold both his Liberty and Himſelf too.*

'TWas wiſely ordained by our Anceſtors, that as Men, whilſt alive, ſhould be honoured with the Tribute of Obſervance and Reſpect, ſo when dead, ſhould be attended with the Ceremonies of a decent Funeral. Certainly a very commendable, and a moſt humane Cuſtom, whereby Men excel other Animals, who know no other Rites of Burial, than the Solemnity of being devour'd by other Beaſts, and who have no other Tombs, than the living Sepulchres of their Fellow-Creatures. But Humane Nature abhors the Brutiſhneſs of ſuch Obſequies; for a ſavage Conqueror ſeeing the Field beſtrewed with Arms and ſcattered Limbs, bedews his Garland, and ſheds Tears at the Thoughts of his bloody Victory, and indulges his Enemies the civil Pomp of an handſome Interment.

Death puts a period to the moſt barbarous Cruelty, which never raves beyond the fatal Stroke. *Cæſar* wept at the Herſe and pitied the Fate of ſlain *Pompey*, whom when alive he perſecuted with the greateſt Fury, and with all the Methods and Arts of Ruine.

How inhumane is that Country, which ſuffers even Strangers to lie unburied! How much more therefore ought we to honour with a Sepulchre a Citizen, a Kinſman! But how great an impiety to leave a Parent expos'd to the open Air! He is unworthy of his own Life, that celebrates not with coſt his Father's Death: Can a Son be exceſſive in Kindneſs ſo to his Parent? For whom not only his Wealth and Liberty, but let him expend his very Life too. He can give nothing to him, but what he derived from him. Is he only obliged to reverence his Parents, whilſt alive? Muſt he contemn and ſpurn at them, when dead? whom Death among the Ancients did ſeem to conſecrace, and whoſe Monuments were had in great Veneration. This our Heir therefore, whoſe Breaſt was inflamed with a pious Ardor towards his Father, will not have him lie without a Sepulchre, and ſcorns that he ſhould have no other Grave but a Priſon, and therefore for the Magnificence of his Funeral, he ſells his Liberty and himſelf too. We

We have here a rare Example of unusual Piety, and of a Filial Care! *Cimon* shew'd himself a loving Son to his Father, when alive and a pious one, when he was dead. He imposed voluntarily on himself the Yoke of Slavery, that his Father might have a Monument; and lost his Freedom, that he might enjoy the Privilege of the dead: He thought with himself, if his Father should want a Sepulchre, his Name would quickly find one, and the Glory thereof be soon buried in Oblivion. Degenerous Posterity would lose the Example of so excellent Vertue, unless his Memory was committed to the faithful Custody of eternal Marble, upon which his noble Exploits being engraven, would give duration to himself and to his Tomb too. He consulted both his own Fame and the Honour of his Father, who adorn'd his Herse with such Solemnity. What Renown hath he purchased, who by his own Liberty hath set free his imprisoned Father, and that he should not want a gilded Tomb, He himself was the price of the noble Sepulchre.

DECLAM. XX.

Cardan a Philosopher, and an Astrologer, having foretold the day of his Death, to fulfil his Prediction, and to save his Credit, he starved himself with Hunger.

UNhappy *Cardan*! whose Reputation is either hazarded, or his Life exposed to Danger! The Greatness of thy Spirit cannot brook the want of the one, nor humane Nature endure the loss of the other. But oh the Vanity of that Name, which Wickedness and Impiety do alone perpetuate, and whose everlasting Memory derives its Immortality from a Death attended with so much Infamy! But pardon me, most learned Ashes, and most unhappy Relicks! We dare not summon so great a Ghost, nor accuse the deceased of such a Crime. Thou hast obeyed the Imperious Motions of the Heavens, and the cruel necessity of the harder Fates. *Cardan*'s Art is greater than *Cardan*; and cannot be eluded by

by the Endeavours of myſterious Philoſophy. But what? He that can maſter his Affections and nearer Charms, which ſcorch'd and captivated other Mortals, doth he now yield to the diſtant, and ſtraggling Stars? Thoſe Stars (I ſay) which, (unleſs Antiquity be deceiv'd) are much inferior to our humane Nature, and are compell'd by it? How much more happily by the Flight of Birds, or Entrails of Beaſts, might he have foretold the Event of things, and the hidden Treacheries and ſecret Stratagems of his Enemies!

There any ſome things the Gods envy the knowledge of to Mankind, and would have them chaſtly buried, and to lie hid in their firſt Cauſes; leſt they ſhould be profaned and violated by too bold a Reſearch; ſuppoſing it to be the greateſt piece of Learning to underſtand the Revolution of Times and Feſtivals, wherein it may appeaſe the diſpleaſed Deities, and humbly offer Incenſe to the Cœleſtial Empire. How much prying Mortals have been puniſh'd, and chaſtiſed for their too much Curioſity, the Waters made infamous by a premature and unexpected Fate, and *Veſuvius* celebrated for the Death of *Pliny*, do abundantly declare. But if it be a Fault to dive and ſearch into the firſt Principles and Motions of things; If it be crimi-

nal to fly to the utmoſt Spheres, and to know more than vulgar Capacities, why was Man endowed with Reaſon? Why doth that Particle of divine Air animate a Being, that moulders and languiſheth with Sloth, and Negligence, but that it climbs up to the Stars, and viſits the Seat of its firſt Original? Why is the Face of Nature not always the ſame, but various; ſometimes famous for the Clearneſs of its Operations, and ſometimes venerable for its myſterious Workings? Why is it thus? But that it may exerciſe the Activity of the vigilant Soul, and that there may be more Matter for its Contemplation? She is not ſatisfied (like the Body) with the Delicacies of a Treatment, nor with all the Luxury of the fruitful Seas, or teeming Earth. She delights not (like that) in ſuch narrow Confinements, who feels not the Bounds of an embracing Ocean, but rows about into unknown Tracts with a boundleſs Freedom. How doth ſhe ſoar aloft, big with ſcorn of this inferiour World? Not wearied with the Difficulties of its cragged ways, how doth it imitate the inceſſant Motion of the firſt Heaven?

Moſt cruel Toil! We reach the Heavens with our Folly; and neglecting thoſe things, which are the only ſupport of the more ſolid

Felicity

Felicity of our Lives, we are diſtracted with the Images and Shadows of vainer Phantaſms. To theſe we pay our more frequent Devotions, and to theſe we offer our daily Homage, till tir'd at length with the ungrateful Journey, like the Waves, a long time toſſed with tedious Storms, we are wearied and languiſh, and are quite ſpent into Peace and Calmneſs. We are more affected with the narrow Precincts of a little Village, more delighted with illiterate Eaſe, and a private Retirement, than with our former pale Endeavours, and with our traverſing the Univerſe, when with a ſacrilegious and bold Induſtry we wandered further than *Hercules*'s Pillars, and went beyond the Bounds as well of Modeſty, as Nature.

From no other Fountain flowed our *Cardan*'s premature Death, haſtened, to wit, by pertinacious Induſtry, and an indefatigable Soul; which although fatal to its Maſter, yet grateful Poſterity will never mention without the higheſt Encomiums; and though far from Superſtition, it raiſe no Altars to his Merits, yet will enrol him amongſt Heroes, and advance him to the higheſt pitch of Mortals Ambition. Let others reproach his ſudden Fate, and abrupt Funeral, *Cardan* dies through no other, but his own Wickedneſs,

and

and in vain had he deſir'd in the inhumane *Gete*, or *Venetian* Aſſaſſine, a more cruel Mind to aſcertain his Prediction; neither could he have found one more kindly cruel, as to free the Philoſopher from infamous Suicide; and Poſterity would not have pardon'd the Crime, if committed by any other Hand beſide his own, which though it did moſt unhappily obey his Maſter in his Death, yet hath made amends for the Injury by his learned Pen.

But oh! the various Fluctuations of the Soul! This miſerable Man knows not what Rock to cling to; at the ſame moment he doth both at once determine, and yet doubt to die. This Procraſtination of his Deſtiny, argues a Timerouſneſs not becoming *Cardan*, and he had died more glorioufly ſtabb'd with a Sword, than ſtarv'd by Famine. But this may be ſaid in Favour of the Deceaſed, that he yielded up the Ghoſt with an undaunted Courage; and whilſt others oppreſſed with Penury, and grinding Neceſſity, breath out a faint and languid Spirit, he neglects his Suſtenance, and yields to Fate. He underwent not the Deſtiny of *Petrius*, and renowned *Cato*, who enjoyed the Felicity of a ſudden End, but ſatisfied the cruel Command of his Governor, whilſt he determined to periſh gently

gently by little and little, and not ſurrendring to the Fates, but after a long Siege, he truly perceives himſelf to die—And leſt he ſhould be unhappy in his Death, Let him enjoy for me a ſilent Urn and peaceable Aſhes! Let the Stars be propitious, whoſe influence he aſſerted even with his Life and Blood! Nor let the Arts be ſilent of him, who was their great Patron and Protector.

DECLAM. XXI.

Alexander, *being ſaluted the Son of* Jupiter Hammon, *and thereupon arrogating to himſelf Divine Worſhip, is accuſed of Pride by his Soldiers.*

He defends himſelf.

SEeing I have expoſed my ſelf (O ye *Macedonians!*) to ſo many Dangers in your behalf, ſeeing I have preſerved you ſafe from the Injuries and Violence both of Waters,

ters, and Enemies. at *Granicum*, *Cilicia* and *Arbela*, ſeing I have ſtoutly maintain'd the Honour and Glory of the renowned *Macedons*, and have added, by my Victories, the ſubdu'd World to your Empire; I had thought, after ſuch Divine Teſtimonies of my Courage, you would have ſubſcribed to mine Opinion, and would have affectionately embrac'd me like ſome ſacred Buckler, that had dropp'd from Heaven. But to crown me with Divine Honours, I perceive, is not agreeable to your Cuſtoms; you therefore belch out your Reproaches againſt me, devote me to the Shades, though every one of my Atchievements ſpeak me not ſo much a Man as a God; A Deity (I ſay) in regard I never had a Repulſe, nay Fortune her ſelf, though obſtinate, durſt never contradict me.

How often have I, undaunted, rendered my ſelf obnoxious to certain Perils? and with an invincible Courage, have (in ſpite of the Fates) reſtor'd the tottering chance of War? That I have triumph'd over that fickle Goddeſs, that I have trampled under Feet the ravenous Deſtinies, and that I am the only Monarch of the Univerſe, the Gods and you do well enough underſtand; that *Jupiter Hammon* hath rewarded my Deſerts with Immortality, and acknowledged me his Son,

you

you ſufficiently know, and 'tis needleſs to tell you; why do you not therefore, with bended Knees, adore as a Deity my Divine Majeſty? Why do you not believe *Hammon*, whoſe Credit to this very day remains inviolable? Do Oracles utter Lies? Do you think me unworthy of the Society of the Gods? What! Have not my conquering Arms advanc'd me above the ordinary pitch of Mankind? Have they not made me equal to *Hercules* and *Bacchus*.

Obſerve, (O ye ungrateful *Macedonians*!) Is it nothing that I have trodden ſo much Snow, that I have paſſed over ſo many impetuous Rivers, and travell'd over ſo many frozen Mountains, which (if you believe Fame) have daunted *Hercules*, who had not Courage enough to attempt them? I forbear to mention Victories and Triumphs; I ſpeak not of ſubdued Kingdoms and Empires, which were not ſo much as known by him, much leſs ſubverted by his Proweſs. I have razed *Thebes* without War or Blood, and my very Name hath ſtruck ſuch a Terror into *Greece*, that it offered me a golden Crown of Victory, and hath choſen me her Captain. My ſtupendious Glory will not be confin'd within the narrow Limits of the *Macedonian* Kingdom, but revolving in my Mind the whole Univerſe,

verſe, to make way for my future Greatneſs, I have landed a few Men in *Aſia*, and at *Granicus* have quell'd my moſt dreadful Enemy with a great Slaughter; havd reduc'd *Lidia*, *Ionia* and *Phrygia*, and made them ſubmit to my Power.

Finally, having overcome and broken through all oppoſition, I came to *Iſſus*, where with repeated Victories, I diſcomfited *Darius*, the potent King of *Perſia*, with his numerous Army. Afterward it came into my Mind, or I recounted how many ſlain I ſent in one day to the Shades below, inſomuch that *Charon* confeſſed that his own Boat was not ſufficient, but that there was need of a whole Navy of Ships for Tranſportation. And to omit my Atchievements at *Tyre*, and *Arbela*, and an infinite more in other Places, I arrived a Conqueror at the *Indian* Ocean, and made that a bound both at once to my Conqueſts and the whole World; and put to flight their wounded Elephants, and made King *Porus* my miſerable Captive. Paſſing the River *Tanais*, I have deſtroyed the fierce *Scythians* with a great Slaughter: And the Rock *Aornon*, whoſe craggy Difficulty forc'd *Hercules* from a Siege, I alone have attempted, have climb'd it and conquered, and have raiſed my Trophies and eternal Monuments beyond the Bounds of Father *Bacchus*. Fi-

Finally, returning from *Memphis*, the whole World being at Peace, I made mine Addreſs according to the Cuſtom of my Country to the Oracle of *Jupiter Hammon*, where I was joyfully received, and with the Gratulations of the whole Company of Prieſts, nay, *Jove* himſelf, the Father both of Men and Gods, deſcended from his ſtudded Throne of Emrald, and ſaluted me as I approach'd him; and after much Complement exchanged on both ſides, He adopted me to be his Son, and commanded you to adore your King, and to worſhip him with Divine Honours.

But you neither hearken to his Commands nor will believe that I am enrolled among the Gods. And your Envy doth daily more increaſe againſt me, becauſe I hate not *Jove*, by whoſe Oracle I am pronounced a God. Are the Anſwers of the Deities in my Power? He proffered me the Name of a Son. I wiſh you would believe me a God, that ſo you might attone and appeaſe the diſpleaſed Deities, and reward your King with Immortality and Glory; by whoſe warlike Proweſs triumphant *Greece* hath been raiſed to the higheſt pitch of Felicity—But though now you think it much to bow your Heads to my Deity, yet I fanſie when I ſhall be tranſlated

to Heaven you will not deny me Divine Honor, and as soon as you perceive your base Ingratitude, whom now you hate, being present with you, you will lament and grieve for, when I am snatch'd from you, and will perform due Honour, and Reverence to my Ghost and Ashes.

DECLAM. XXII.

——For Fear of Death,
'Tis Madness to resign our Breath.

HE is neither Patient nor Valiant, who, amidst the Tumult and Fury of War, cares not to die by the Sword of his Enemy, but covets to fall by his own Hand, he is to himself an Enemy, and to his Enemy a Friend; he is kind to them, and to himself a Tyrant. If when prosperous Success shall crown our Endeavours, Life is so much esteem'd 'midst the Pomp of Victory, that there is scarce Matter for our Triumph, or time to admire, or adore our selves; Methinks 'tis strange, after one Frown of adverse Fortune, one Blow of an

an incenſed Enemy, ſo to be weary of our Breath, as not only to avoid and ſhun our Adverſary, but to run from our Lives as a more cruel Enemy.

By doing thus, we both aſtoniſh Nature and Heaven too; who are not only Rebels to our ſelves, but ingrateful to it, and are Uſurpers too. For if we take away our Lives with thoſe Darts, which Nature has given for the Defence of them, we make her to act in vain, and violate the ſacred Inſtitutions, and Laws of the Deſtinies. 'Tis not Glory, nor Valour, Honour nor Proweſs, to yield to ſo eaſie a Death; and whilſt we ſpill our Blood againſt the Deities not enough propitious, we ſeek to revenge our ſelves of Heaven, and not of our Enemy. This Villany, officious Fame will tranſmit to Poſterity. Such a Crime argues Degeneracy of Spirit; and 'tis not Valour but Fear overcomes us; ſo that our Bodies can hardly endure ſavage Tyranny, becauſe our Souls are weak and ſtupid. Signal Valour muſt be as hard as Adamant, and have a Breaſt an Anvil to all Miſeries, which (like the invincible Palm-tree) muſt triumphantly riſe againſt all Preſſures.

Far be it that our Enemy ſhould glory in our Overthrow without a Wound or Conflict! Far be it that his Sword (like the Baſilisk)

silisk) should shoot forth Death on a meer Spectator! Nothing can be desired worse than Death: But now if Death be a Reward, we must break our way through our Enemies Breasts; and because there is not room for Flight on Earth, we will pursue our Foe (as *Brutus* the Adulterer) to the Shades below. But perhaps he is not so furious as to be a Tormenter rather than a Commander: But if nothing can quench his Thirst, but a Draught of Blood, we must imitate the Example of the *Roman* Senate, not to desire Death, or fear it. When our Enemies approach, having adorn'd our selves with Pomp and Splendor, let us expire in State: And if we can suffer the fatal Stroke with an undaunted Spirit, let us not for shame be afraid of Enemy or Bondage, as if more cruel than Death. Let us not free our selves from Prison by our own Wounds, we will not purchase so inglorious a Refuge at such a rate; nor so obscurely descend to the Ghosts below; we will rather wholly be involved in Chains. A Soldier shall load our ambitious Hands with such Bracelets. 'Tis no Disgrace for such great Bodies to be led Captive. We are of more worth than to become a triumphant Feast for the Furies. We will not submit our selves to a Martial, but bow out Necks

to

to a Marriage-yoke, deſiring to lie impriſon'd in more noble Embraces. We bluſh not, (being ſubdued) to be carried Appendages to the proud Chariot. We will not imitate *Demoſthenes*, or *Varus*: Far be it from us to follow ſuch degenerous Commanders. But thou, *Claſia*! the Wonder and Glory of *Rome*, ſhalt be our Pattern, we will croſs (like thee) not only over *Acheron*, but our Country Rivet. For amidſt Storms and tempeſtuous Troubles, Valour breaks forth with a brighter Luſtre; ſo that if Heaven, Earth, and Air, ſhould conſpire againſt us, we will ſtand unaffrighted at ſuch great Ruine. Such Proweſs if it cannot invite, yet ſhall ſcare our Enemies into Kindneſs and Clemency. If they will not commiſerate our ſad Condition, let them be more ſparing of their brandiſh'd Weapons; but if they are aſham'd to put them into a dry Scabbard, and have a Mind to lodge their Artillery in the Quiver of our pierced Breaſts, let us fly enrag'd to the Infernal Lake, that not only our Foes, but Furies themſelves may be ſtruck with Fear and Conſternation. What immortal Glory will accrue by this? We are as Famous in our Death, as valiant in our Life. And although we are dead, yet perpetual Trophies ſhall preſerve us alive;

and

and though no one will lament and bemoan our so unhappy Fate, yet Posterity will pay everlasting Homage and eternal Veneration to our Tomb and Sepulchre.

DECLAM. XXIII.

'Tis better to travel abroad, than to tarry at home.

I Blush to see such a Ring of Philosophers, and so many pale Students always plodding, and poring upon their Books. We ought surely to engage our selves in a more profitable Employ, and not to be confin'd in a narrower Study, than the whole World. He is truly a Scholar, who is vers'd in the Volume of the Universe, as who doth not so much read of Nature, as contemplate, and study Nature her self. Those are but low and mean Spirits, who breath at home, and cling so fast to their native Soil. The diviner Soul, mindful of its Extraction, and Birth above, imitates Heaven, and delights in Motion.

tion. Behold the Stars, how they Wheel about with unwearied Courſes! How doth the Sea fluctuate with a reſtleſs Wave? And (unleſs *Copernicus* had a Whimſie) the Earth turns round, and is troubled with a Vertigo.

And we do not yet travel? Behold the Aſpect of every thing invites you abroad! eſpecially that verdant *Tempe*, and the embroidered *Eliſium* of the new-born-Spring! And who is he, unleſs condemn'd to the ſettle in Chimney-corner, that will not run to the joyful Nativity of the Infant year, and gratifie his Senſes with the blooming Blandiſhments of the pleaſant Fields? What Diſgrace doth attend the Houſhould Deities? But if you take a Voiage from home, here you are ſaluted with the proud heighth of *Alpes* and *Pyramids*, there you meet with the prodigious Fabrick of a burly *Coloſs*; on this ſide a Landskip adorn'd with Cities, on that a Proſpect ſhaded with Groves; on every ſide ſurrounded with new Worlds, and encompaſſed with the Luxury of divers Objects; ſo that your divided Senſes turn doubtful Scepticks, being diſtracted with the variety of freſh Spectacles, and regiſter the remembrance of their paſt Pleaſure. From whence proceed your famous Wits?

From

From whence ariſes Dignity, and Honour? Who was ever eminent or advanc'd from Smoke? Or who was ever made immortal by a Domeſtick *Jove*? With whom, whoſoever through Sloth converſes and dwells, the Glory of his Fame will daily fade, his Sanguine Chearfulneſs will be Phlegm and Dulneſs, his briſker Heats will cool and die, his Vigor faint, his Life is Death, and his Name buried in Silence and Oblivion.

How many have there been (as Experience tells us) who have come into the World dull, and ſtupid, and condemn'd by Nature to the profane Rabble, whom an ingenious ſearch into foreign Parts (*Prometheus* like) hath animated and enlivened with new Fires, and hath (as it were) made and framed them of new Mould, hath refined them into Stars, and made them glorious Luminaries to diſpel the Darkneſs of the cloudy Age? Again, how many are there of quicker Parts, who, though coæval with *Neſtor*, within their private Walls, yet have at length expired Fools and Ideots.

And what? Do we not travel yet? Why are we enlightned with two Eyes? Why are we fork'd, and branch'd into two Legs? What did Nature mean to diſtinguiſh Man into ſo many Senſes, and almoſt crown'd him with

Immor-

Immortality? Why did she fix the Mountains, pour out the Sea? Why did she embellish and bespangle the World with such Star-like Spectacles? 'Tis strange? What was her Intent? Far be it, that we should thus defraud our Nature and Genius, that such Divinity should lurk and be concealed in a Chimney-corner, and should die, and expire in a Cloud of Smoke! Every thing in the World is an Emblem of Travel: For what else are the Motions of the Stars, the Flights of Clouds, the Career of the Sun, and the Course of the Moon, the Fall of Waters, the gliding of Rivers, the frisking of Beasts, and Swimming of Fishes, in Woods and Streams; I say, what else are all these, but Representations of Travel, and a wayfaring Life? But to come a little closer: Seeing these kind Invitations do but little move you, we will flatter you into Travel with more winning Insinuations, and shall give you a Prospect of that pleasing Variety, of those ravishing Delights, which feed the Curiosity of an inquisitive Traveller; and they are such, which captivate the wandring Senses with such powerful Charms, that whom they cannot persuade, by a gentle Violence, they will draw abroad.

Here (believe me) are to be seen such alluring Objects, which will even tire the multi-

tudinous

tudinous ſight, and the viſive Faculty of all-eyed *Argus*; which once being viewed, make us ready to wiſh to be perpetual Spectators with an alternate Eye. There are Odors which feed you with their Breath: Here Danties, which you cannot ſo much as look on with idle Lips, on every ſide do occur ſuch potent Delights, ſuch prevalent Entertainments, that a Sceptick cannot queſtion their Command they have over us.

But now ſuch is the unhappy Condition of home-bred Clowns, that nothing is the Object of their Senſes, but what is ordinary and familiar; They ſee nothing ſtrange and rare; what they do to day, that they do to morrow, and every day; and what they ſee now, doth occur always; Let us not therefore, as if unlawful to exceed the Bounds of our Native Soil, end our days on the ſame ſpot, whereon we began them, and ſo expect Death under the ſame Climate, wherein we received our Life. What Matter is it what Ground we tread? What Air we breath in, or in what Region we behold the Sun. That publick Exchequer of Light doth ſcatter his Treaſure to all alike; it every where glides the ſame Heaven; we are in all Places refreſh'd by the ſame Air, and whereſoever our Souls are ſollicited and treated by new Spectacles,

Spectacles, they can only discover divers Situations, but not another Earth: Let us not therefore, as if born and condemned to one corner of the Globe, breath our last within the same Walls we received our first; for he that lies hid at home does not live, but is buried in his House, whose Closet is his Sepulchre, upon which you may inscribe this Epitaph, (*hic situs est*) here he is laid. But thou (most noble Youth!) whom Arts have inspired with a freer *Genius*, who art as willing to traverse the World as well with thy Feet, as to rove about it in thy active Mind; Fly! Begone! thou canst not be safer in thine own House! Fansie the Universe to be thy *Lyceum*, and the several Regions the Authentick Manuscripts of the old Stagyrite, all which having run over, thou wilt at length become a true Stagyrite. Visit the amphibious Provinces of the *Dutch* Otters, those Citizens of the Sea, who are less acquainted with their own, than with other Nations, and who have a Country where they have no Land. Or if thou hadst rather, go see and consult the *Britains* separated and divorced from the whole World, whom you will find encompass'd with the Embraces of the Sea, which is not so much their Prison as Defence, who are not its Captives, but Lords over it;

For there is no tract of the Earth untrodden by the *Britain*, no creek of the Ocean, but he hath ſailed in it. There is nothing diſtant or hard to him; there is nothing, but what he hath either overcome or ſeen; hath meaſur'd by his Travels, *France*, and *Italy*; *Spain* and *Germany*; *Aſia* and *Africa*, and hath taken a Journey to unknown Parts. Some have ſo curiouſly pried into the Northern Regions, as that they have left the Sun and Light behind them, and have followed ſo far the Direction and Conduct of the Polar-Star, till 'twas no longer their Guide, but a Companion in their Progreſs. Others not leſs ſcorch'd with Heat, than theſe were benumb'd with Cold, have advanc'd ſo far into Southern Climates, as to have ſeen the Chambers of the riſing Sun, and view'd the Cradle of the Infant-morn; where kinder *Phœbus* ſheds not his Rays on the Heavens only, but munificently gilds the Earth too, in whoſe Boſom you may find Mountains of Gold without a Fiction, and ſuch heaps of Jewels, which are only vile through their great Plenty. Let us not therefore always devote our ſelves to the idle Muſes, nor dote on the Sophiſms of knotty Sciences; Let us not, cloiſtered in our Studies, perpetually be enſlav'd to the liberal Arts; ſeeing the utmoſt pitch of our Endeavours

and

and Sweat are ſubtle Niceties, empty Notions, ſolemn Trifles, and learned Nothings. Let us no longer ſo curiouſly ſearch after their abſtracted Subtilties, nor hunt any more after their fugitive Inventions; But laying aſide all laborious Contemplations, let us meaſure in our Progreſs the Dimenſions of the Globe! Let us reach its Bounds, and wander as far as the remoteſt *Antipodes*! Let our Eyes rove with their wanton Glances, let our Noſes imbibe the fragrant Breath of refreſhing Odors; and let us treat our Palats with the magnificent Feſtivity of rich *Viands*! Let the whole Troop or Brigade of our Senſes travel; and we being ſurrounded with a Guard of their Pleaſures, here let us view the ſweet Perfumes of *Tmolus*, there go ſee the Scents of *Theſſalian* Fields! Now let us go viſit the golden Strand of yellow *Tagus*, and the precious Streams of rich *Pactolus*; anon enjoy the raviſhing Felicities of happy *Arabia*, and the delicious Prodigalities of the luxurious *Indies*! Nay, have at the wanton Treaſures of the whole Univerſe, which if I ſhould attempt to deſcribe to you in bare Words, 'twould be as great a Solœciſm, as to make an Oration to your Eyes, or to declaim and harangue to your Noſes; I ſhall therefore wave the Travel of

our Senses, and shall omit that fertil Pregnancy so big with Delights, which are wont to ravish those noble Centinels of our Souls, I mean our Senses, whensoever they travel. And what do they say now? Do these things speak but coldly? We will urge the Matter home, and press it further. Go too! prepare your selves, and behold the Dangers of a domestick Education.

What do Men do within their private Habitations? They sit still; Oh sad! How often do we see those home-bred Rusticks buried in Sloth, and wallowing in Intemperance? How frequently drown'd in a Deluge of Liquors, who ovewhelmed in *Lethe*, do breath out their immoderate Souls in a mortal Dream! whereas the lively and moving Spirits, do by their Sobriety obtain of the Destinies a longer Thread, who indulging their Senses a pleasant variety of grateful Objects, become eminent and conspicuous, famous and illustrious, and (to speak more gloriously) mortal Deities, famous and conspicuous? Why such you may find amongst the Houshold Gods; For they have their Wonders and Spectacles worthy your sight; For what else are those luxurious spend-Thrifts, who make themselves old, even before their Youth, who waste their Patrimony in unlawful Loves, always

ways quarrelling for new Misses; who in their Minority are ripe for Hell, and provoke and invite unwilling Death before their time.

Let us rejoice, and triumph! Let us elevate our Spirits! Forsake the Chimney-corner, abandon Sloth! Let us rise, walk, and be travelling! Our Will commands us; Pleasure desires us; our Hands and Feet importune us; at home Dangers affright us, abroad Spectacles invite us. Rejoice, and triumph?

Hath Nature chain'd us to one Clod? Hath it condemn'd us to one corner? Shall we lead our Lives within the narrow Precincts of a few miles? Shall we grow old in the Confines of one Cottage? Where we lived, shall we there die? I bear about me but six ounces of Dust, which I owe to our common Mother (for the Chymistry of *Cardan* found no more in the Ashes of a calcin'd Body) and what matter is it, where my Tabernacle is dissolved, and where I pay so small a Debt? At home through Luxury and Delights we grow effeminate, and are melted and dissolved through domestick Softness.

Let us away then to the frozen Pool; and let us admire orbicular surrounding amphitheatrical Shadows of the remote *Amphiscii*! The acute Mathematicians measure the Earth with Grains, and weigh it with ounces; they

will tell you the number of the Duſt of the Earth, and compute the quantity of the drops of the Sea: The vaſtneſs of the former, and the wideneſs of the latter they will contract and croud into the narrow compaſs of little Maps; where the *Turkiſh* Empire is comprized in a blot, and the large *Danow* repreſented by the ſlenderneſs of a thin line. Would you hold and graſp Nature abridg'd in the compaſs of your hand? Why *Hondius* hath fram'd moſt exactly ſuch artificial Worlds, that you may compaſs the Univerſe with the length of your fingers, and go beyond *Drake* with your extended Palm.

But what do Men at home? They drink and ſwill: Here the Gluttony of *Apicius*, there the ſoftneſs of *Sardanapalus*: Here prodigal Wretches conſume and waſte their dwindled Fortunes, there Gormondizers bury their Patrimonies in the Gulph of Luxury; here beardleſs youth devoted to *Bacchus*, there riper Age martyrs to *Venus*; ſome born in a richer Dirt, and more prodigal Soil, are enſlaved to the Fortune of an uncertain Die, others more covetous, and adoring Gold, fleece the Poor, and defraud the Needy, and with winged ſpeed, fly to the commiſſion of all Evil.

And do not all theſe things prevail yet? behold the notable Example of great *Alexander*!

der! From whence (moſt worthy Hero!) hadſt thou thy Wit and Parts? What *Pallas* (as I may ſay) I want a Word) did parnaſſate thy Soul with ſuch Learning and Vertue? What was it placed thee, being greater than all Encomium, and enrolled thee among the Gods? Did not thy viewing in Travel Cities and Countries? Let me ask ye (O ye famous Worthies, *Hercules*, *Cato*, *Cicero*, *Plato* and *Cæſar*!) how did ye become ſo glorious? Though you are dead, yet your Example ſpeaks: 'Twas your Familiarity with foreign Parts, that tranſmits your Renown to ſucceeding Ages. I could cite infinite others both of former and preſent times: But I cannot omit the never dying, or deathleſs Memory of Queen *Elizabeth*, whoſe happy Virginity fruitful in Dominions (though not in Children) hath Chriſten'd Regions with her Name and Religion; hath planted Colonies in a new World, and hath removed *England* into the diſtant Continent. What ſhall I ſay of him, whom I will not call the Envy, but the Wonder and Amazement, as well of Ancient as Modern Conquerors; who, Companion to the Sun, hath compaſſed the World with that daily Travellor; who hath laid open and diſcovered the hinges of the Univerſe, and to whom we

are

are so much indebted for the knowledge of Nature, as to the famous Stagyrite, its chiefest Secretary.

But to conclude, and that our Oration need not want Authory, behold! It boasts of Kings and Nobles; amongst whom let us fix upon our famous *Charles* of blessed Memory, who was both a Guide and Example to foreign Travel, who though much admired by his own Countrey, yet returned more conspicuous by his *Spanish* Accomplishments, and foreign Acquisitions.

DECLAM. XXIV.

Against Travelling abroad, &c.

THere is nothing which we cannot both sooner and safer acquire by the motion of our Eye at home, than by the weary steps of our Feet abroad. How many rare ingenious Persons hath a foreign Skie unhappily transformed into beastly Monsters? They have returned only with humane Aspect, and like the Olympick *Jove* mentioned in the Poet,

Poet, have appeared glorious with their golden Heads, but are mean and sordid with their dirty Bodies; like *Colossæan* Images they ravish without with the pleasant Hypocrisie of charming Colours, but within terrifie and affright with the ugly shape of an Ape or Serpent. They are more nice and effeminate than *Sardanapalus*, who are softned by Venery into Putrefaction; whose Excess and Debauchery hath non-pluss'd *Bacchus*, and hath drank dry even the God of Tipple. There is no unheard of Villany, which they have not either done or thought of. Behold! what aking Heads? What swoln, puff'd up, *Boreas*-like, Cheeks! What dull and heavy Eyes! What tottering Feet! How often do they disgorge up their Souls amidst their intemperate Cups? and are buried with the Solemnities of Drunken *Bromius*? 'Twas Travel that brought us this Vice, and the *Dutch* good Fellow-ship hath taught us Drunkenness.

Whence comes it that our Femasculine Matrons, our *English Syrens* are so ingenious for Pride, who place not an Hair without advice, but call a Court for the disposing of every Lock, who dispence not a nod without Counsel, whose Eyes glance not without an Edict, and whose Feet do move in exact measure. How do they counterfeit Nature; who so

drench their Looks in Oils, and Waſhings, that they loſe their Faces and Complections in their Gally-pots; they ſo glitter in their Silks, and are ſo critically attired in ſo exact a Dreſs, as if they would break the Eyes of every Spectator. From whence ſuch petulant, and ſparkling Eyes? Certainly Pride taught this Vice of Travelling, and we may thank haughty *Italy* for theſe Prodigies and Crimes againſt Nature. How often do we feel *France* in our Bones? And how often find *Paris* in our Bodies, which ſometimes doth oppreſs with a Faſhion, and ſometimes puniſh.

Let every one breath in the Air wherein he was born! and let him not with weary ſteps ſeek thoſe things under another Sun, which he enjoys under his own! Our *Lares* tell us there is nothing more pernicious to good Manners, than diſtant Viſits of foreign Cities: There is none but brings home or commends ſome Vice or other. Embaſſadors ſeldom return with the ſame Humours they exported abroad; they barter Faſhions, and are laden home with exotick Cuſtoms. *Cato* and *Lælius* can ſcarce keep themſelves from being corrupted and debauch'd; againſt whom the moſt ununiform Rabble have prepared *Circæan* Cups to entoxicate them.

A

A juſt Man, *tenax propoſiti*, worſhips and adores his domeſtick *Joves*; and, if we are wiſe, let us love our Muſes, and go no farther than this our *Pernaſſus*! 'Tis Wiſdom to keep in our preſent Manſion: For what is more unworthy a prudent Man than to endure patiently the Duſt and Sun, for many years in the acquiſition of that, which one ſingle Paragraph, one ſingle Page will teach him in one hour.

The Schools are open, and Library publick: Here you read with Tears of the Rubbiſh and Aſhes of ruined *Troy*, of *Priamus* wanting a funeral Pile. Here you may read in claſſick Hiſtory of *Mauſolæums* and *Pyramids*; of *Coloſſus*, and *Hercules* Pillars, and whatſoever is celebrated by the Voice of Fame.

THE

THE SECOND PART.

DECLAM. I.

Whether Vertues are implanted in Man by Nature? Affirm'd.

WHen we wander with our Eyes through the dubious Varieties of diſtracting Nature, and when we behold the Roof of the World ſo richly beſpangled with Poſies of Stars, that flame above, and the Floor of the ſame, ſo luxuriouſly deck'd with *Aſteriſms* of Flowers, that twincle beneath; or when we ſee as it were the flowry Pavement of Heaven beſtrew'd with Stars, and the Starry Firmament of the Earth ſtud-

ded

ded with Flowers, when we view the Universe on this side bright, and arrayed in Flame; on that side dark, and veil'd with Shade; here gilded with the Radiancy of a glorious Sun; there sullied with the Horror of an eclipsing Cloud; I say when we have a Prospect of these things, nothing is the Object of our sight, but Wonders, and such Prodigies that surpass all humane Invention. And as we admire the Landskip of the bigger World, so are we stricken with an equal amazement at the sight of the less, I mean the stupendious Fabrick of mortal Man. See! with what a lofty Person and Majestick Stature doth he shoot upward, whereas groveling Animals are prone downwards! What Skill and Mechanism doth his very Model declare? What excellent contrivance is legible in his contexture? What Curiosity of Art doth the least Atom boast! With what a Grace doth Beauty, that Empress of his Fore-head, command and sway? How are his Cheeks enflamed with the blushing Oriency of a purple die? What Sparklings in his Eyes! What Roses in his Lips! What driven Snow adorns his Neck? What Comliness and Feature lie scattered midst the excellent proportions of every Limb? Lastly, what Rays of Divinity do shine from his Head?

If

If we contemplate the Elegancy of this Fabrick, and the moſt accurate Induſtry of Nature in this Structure; if we conſider the Pillars of this Royal Palace, and the Buttereſſes that ſupport the vaſt bulk of this proud Edifice; if we obſerve the Courts without, and the Cloſets within, the perplexed Labyrinths and intricate Mazes of winding Arteries, and the marvellous Luxuriency into ſprouting Nerves; when we reflect (I ſay) on theſe things, we muſt needs be aſtoniſh'd, and cannot but exclaim with *Zoroaſter* of old, O Man, the Miracle of daring Nature! Admiration it ſelf is delighted with this Spectacle, and Nature her ſelf is intoxicated with her own Work.

And as ſhe hath bleſs'd the Body with ſuch Excellencies, ſo might ſhe have furniſh'd the Soul with the like Endowments, in reſpect of whom, Heaven it ſelf is worthleſs, and to whom the whole World gives place, and veils its Bonnet: But the immortal Gods have deny'd Nature ſo great a Boon, leſt too impudently ſhe ſhould boaſt that ſhe is born a Goddeſs. If ſuch a Conſtellation of Vertues ſhould club at the Nativity of a poor Mortal, certainly Man muſt be reckoned, if not in the ſame rank with, yet in the next Form to the Eternal Deities, from whom they differ (according

(according to *Pliny*) in Immortality only.

But however, let us not vilifie and diſparage the Gifts of Nature, who hath been very bountiful and obliging to us; ſhe hath inſtill'd into us the Principles of Goodneſs, and hath put it into our Power (if we will) to be Vertuous. The Callous Farmer plows up a Grave in his Mother Earth, and buries his Corn in the Bowels of our common Parent; but if the ingrateful Soil ſhall devour the Seed, and deny a Reſurrection, or an expected Harveſt, the Fault is not in the Husband-man, but in the barren Ground. Nature hath ſcattered in us Seeds of Vertue, but if there ſhall follow no crop, 'tis not Nature, but we are unprofitable. But if it had pleaſed the Immortal Gods to have crowned Men with Vertue, without Labour, then there had been Reaſon why Nature ſhould be blamed, and not Man, and we might have juſtly complained, that ſhe is ſo cruel a Step-Mother as to bring us into the World polluted with Vice, and utterly deſtitute of all Vertue; but ſeeing Heaven ſells all things to Mortals for Sweat and Labour, and Vertues are the products of Study and Induſtry, and not the effects of meer Nature: Men have no Reaſon to grieve that ſhe is ſo hard and cruel. In all Men there are ſome glimmering hopes,

which

which seeing they die with Age; it is manifest, therefore Nature was not defective, but that Care was wanting. Let us not accuse Nature of Impotency, who though pregnant with Vertue, yet brings it not forth, for that is beyond her Strength and Power, nor (which is a more just Complaint) let us indict her of Impiety, who is always a cherisher of Mankind.

'Tis true, one Man excells another in the acuteness of his Faculties, yet our common Parent hath not so disinherited any Man of Ingenuity, as to leave him destitute of all inward Accomplishments. Some she hath produced ripe for Knowledge, who (*Papirius* like) are capable in minority of Court Employments; but others must be anvill'd, and as it were be manufactured by Discipline to be made fit for Improvements. She hath not (as the *Stoicks* fondly dream) so clear'd the passage to Vertue, as that a Man may arrive to it without Labour. Some certain Colours a fleece easily imbibes, others (unless incorporated as it were into its very substance) it will hardly receive; thus humane Souls sometimes unfledg'd, and in their Infancy, hasten to be endowed with Maxims of Prudence, and sometimes arrive to Dotage before they can attain to Knowledge. An happy

happy Education, and early Instruction will much conduce to the fashioning of our Manners, and the Morning of our days blushing with the Tincture of wise Precepts, will have a good influence in the ordering our Conversation, for they sooner reach the top, who sweating in the ascent, are elevated by the strength of supporting Hands; But however, the way that leads to Wisdom and Vertue, is not block'd up from any Man; besides, that Power of working, which Nature hath implanted in every Man, like an indulgent Parent, she hath bless'd Mortals with another Faculty, which disposes to the Exertion of that Power, which some call *Potentia secunda*; but I rather name it an Inclination or Genius; for we usually say that every Man of his own Nature and Genius is prone, and hath a Propensity to this or that. Such Dispositions and *Genius* are inbred in us, but lame and imperfect, yet so, as that by Exercise and Industry they may be much improved; Nature hath not prescribed such narrow limits to Man's advancement, but that he may rise from one degree of Eminency, and be installed in another; so that a common Soldier may have the Preferment of a General, and private Men may soar to the Dignity of Kings and Emperors; thus the

Soul

Soul is not confin'd within such strait bounds, as to remain always the same she is by Nature, but may refine her Being, and enlarge herself by Study and Industry. The *Genius* therefore, and Disposition of every Man must be tenderly cherish'd, and be cultivated by Art, that Vertue may blossom from the first Principles, and Elements of Nature. A Soldier armed with Courage, and actuated with the Spirit of Valour and Gallantry, whose undaunted Breast knows no retreat, if his stout Bravery be sharpen'd by Conflicts, and is daily conversant in the Storms of War, he must needs be Victorious, and a Man of Conduct, he must needs understand the Stratagems of his Adversary, and at his Pleasure returns with Spoils from his Enemy; but if at the sight of Battalions, his Magnanimity shall dwindle into Sloth and Cowardise, he adorns his Flight, but not the War; and destroys with Fear the natural briskness of his steely Temper, which Labour and Hardship had fermented into Stoutness and Heroick Resolution. Thus the Seeds and Sparks of Vertue that lie buried in our Souls, unless actuated and enliven'd by Study and Industry, will certainly wither and vanish into nothing; but if manur'd by Labour they will daily sprout and shoot up into Maturity. Though Vertue re-

ceive

ceive some imperfect blushes and hints from Nature, yet 'tis perfected by Documents, and sage Instructions. All our Counsels and Endeavours tend only to repair the Ruines of Nature, all Art and Discipline would supply its Defects; for Instructions would be superfluous, if Nature were sufficient. Dust and Sun are the Fore-runners, and the Preface to the Palm of Victory. The best things are besieged with the greatest Difficulties, and as not Riches, so neither do Vertues pop upon the Slothful and Idle. They grow on a Precipice, and whosoever will gather them, with much Sweat and Panting must reach after them.

DECLAM. II.

Whether Nobility is Natural or Hereditary, and propagated by Traduction to Posterity? Denied.

WHat! Honour a native Ornament? I pray tell me, what have Mortals e'er received from Nature besides to Live and to Die? 'Tis true, she hath given them a ductile

ductile Being, to be ſpun and wire-drawn in-
to a few years, hath granted them a litt
dawning and morn of Life, but (alas!) it wi
quickly determine in a twilight, and night o
Death. What! Do our Peers owe thei
Titles to Nativities, and their Badges to the
Midwifery of a ſilly Woman? Can ſacred Pur-
ple, the Enſign of their Honour, be fitted and
adapted to a poor Infant? Is it enough to
enoble one to have been born into the
World, to have cried, and to have ſeen one
day? What therefore doth it avail a Man to
ore-run the World, and to meaſure it with
the Geography of his Arms and Triumphs,
and to pant and breath out his great Soul
midſt the thickeſt of his Enemies, if Nobility
be natural, and not to be aſcribed to the Me-
rits of Vertue? As if *Alexander* was not ho-
norable enough by his univerſal Conqueſt
without being the Brat of his Sire *Philip*;
and as if it was more Credit to *Hercules* to
be *Jupiter*'s Baſtard, and to be the Off-ſpring
of the Womb of impure *Alcmena*, than to
have underwent ſuch famous and renowned
Labours.

Why ſuch diligence in the tedious Exer-
ciſe of ſevere Vertue? Why ſuch waiting
and attendance on the pale Muſes? Who
will not laugh at *Cato*'s Stoiciſm, at the Lamp
of

of *Epictetus*? Who will not deride the whole learned World, if Nobility sprung from Nature, and is not the Product of Wit, of Parts, of Vertue and good Manners? Let a Man's Converſation be vicious, and his Life profligate; let his Intellectuals be ſtupid even to a Prodigy and a Proverb; let nothing be handſome and comely in his Body; nothing mercurial, and alery in his Soul, yet Nobility ſhall be lifted among Crimes, where to live and to be, is enough to dub one honourable without Converſation and living well; where Extraction, and not Learning; where Blood, and not Vertue, creates a Gentleman.

But what is this gentile Blood? Tell me I pray you, whoſe Anceſtors are ſuppoſed to have inſtill'd into your Veins a more noble Gore. All Blood is of the ſame Colour, and if ſome doth boaſt a purer Die, 'tis not Nobility, but Health and Conſtitution that gave the Tincture. The Phyſician in *Phlebotomy* cannot diſtinguiſh betwixt the Generous Stream, and the Plebeian Flood. What! Is the Blood a juice of an higher rank? And are the other Humors inferior and common? Why do you not eſteem ingenious Melancholy, Martial Choler, and ſtout Phlegm? If Honor is in the Blood, what is more refin'd than the Liquor that flows in vulgar Veins?

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On whoſe Skins dwells the Whiteneſs of driven Snow, on whoſe Cheeks ſits the Vermilion of a modeſt Bluſh, and through whoſe whole Bodies is ſpred a ſanguine Complexion. In the Field of *Mars* the King and the Subject, the General and common Soldier fall with an equal Fate, but with different Glory; ſhall I think the latter ſpilt more ignoble Blood for his Countrey, than did the former? He is a Wretch, who eſteems not the leaſt ounce as dear to himſelf, as doth the great *Ceſar*.

But admit, that Nobility doth lodge in the Blood, yet it is but a little that flows within the narrow Chanels of our Veins and Arteries. But this gentile Pluriſie ſeems at length to ſink; and what! Is there any thing beſides Blood and Spirit that can conduce to Nobility? Not Illuſtrious Titles, which are eaſily comprized in a few Letters, and can ſoon be pronounced by a little Breath; not much Money, for he is not *Eques*, whoſoever is *Auratus*; not magnificent Structures, for we are covered with the Roof of Heaven, and with infinite Stars; nor the tedious Genealogy of an ancient Family: For trace thy Pedigree beyond *Deucalion* and the *Arcades*, and take in the *Ariſtotelean* Eternity of the World to boot, proceed *ad infinitum* in the Series of thy Anceſtry,

Anceſtry, at length thine antiquated and obſolete Nobility will be drained to its dregs and to the leaſt drop of gentile Blood. An ingenuous Nature is aſhamed to rake for Honour in the Urns and Aſhes of his Fore-Fathers. 'Twas not Hereditary Dignity of his Stock and Lineage that adorned *Tully*; he roſe from nothing, whom if any one ſhould diſenrol from the Liſt of Heroes, he deſerves not only the Fury of my Speech, but the Satyrs and Scorpions of his *Roman* Eloquence.

What a ſmall matter is it to be born of Nobles? Worms and Flies, the vileſt Inſects, that are either the errors or ſpot of wanton Nature, claim an Alliance to the glorious Heavens, and derive their Pedigree from the Sun and Stars. Nobility ſtreaming to a long Poſterity (like Waters, wandring too far from their Source) degenerate from the worth of their famous Anceſtors, do (as it were) fall quite from the Purity of their Chryſtal Spring.

But whom do you think, I eſteem Noble? Certainly him that is ingenuouſly born, and as ingenuouſly bred, that is tinctur'd with Learning, and temper'd with Vertue: Him, who is the golden Boy of ſmiling Fortune, that widely differs from the bragging Rabble, which by no other Title can pretend to Nobility, *quam Natura Coccino & Caſtoreo.*

DECLAM.

DECLAM. III.

Whether to live with a Friend is a thing much to be desired? No.

BE gone (O my Friends) I desire not so much your sight as absence, and had rather enjoy your room than company. I am willing sometimes to be divorced from you; neither do I covet always to live with you; for Friendship that is always coversant in my Presence becomes almost Hatred, grows slender, disdainful, and is very haughty. You cannot be ignorant, what Flames of Contention are usually kindled, and attend that Amity, which is supported and maintained by mutual Aspect, and how often 'tis offended with trivial things. Those whom we have passionately loved, and whose sweet Society have importunately desired, as not only Friends, but Brothers and Children, and (if there be any thing more dear) the very Deity it self of Friendship, even these (I say) we wish to be absent, if they hinder our Studies and obstruct our Business; O what fervent Zeal is there to be found in Love? What

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Jars in Wedlock! What Sighs and Tears, what Complaints and Suſpicions 'twixt jealous *Paramours*! What Civil Wars, I will not ſay betwixt Maſters and Servants, betwixt Brothers and Siſters, Children and Parents, Parents and Children! What Indignation is ſtirred in them againſt their Off-ſpring, who whilſt they deſire to be good, look on them as bad; and ſo do as it were after a manner hate them, whilſt they do moſt affectionately love them. Come we now to the ſacred Name of Friendſhip, which being derived from Love cannot be conceived to exiſt or be without that Paſſion. But what difference in the Lives and Actions of Friends though they agree in their Ends? How do they claſh in their Opinions, Advices, and Counſels! What conflicts about Religion and ſacred things? Whereas in abſence no Conteſts and Bickerings, no Gall and Bitterneſs, nothing pungent and afflicting, beſides Deſires, and yet theſe longings have a reliſh of Sweetneſs and Delight.

Tell me (O my *Pamphilus*) why amongſt the many Wiſhes of Men, the chiefeſt of their deſires is the Fruition of their Friend, why do they covet his Society under the ſame Roof? Is it becauſe diſtance of Place makes Friendſhip languiſh, and is remoteneſs the bane of all

Fidelity? Doth the aſpect of thy Friend ſhed a Complacency and a Quietneſs into thy Soul? And art thou but half thy ſelf in his abſence? But if a Friend may be poſſeſſed not only naturally, but civilly too; how can abſence hinder him from ſitting and walking, from railing and jeſting, from ſeriouſly diſcourſing & converſing with thee? Sometimes a Friend is not diſcern'd, but when he is abſent. A glut of Friendſhip is nauceous and inſipid, but an Appetite after it gives a Reliſh to its Taſte; wherefore if the great Maſters of Love preſcribe an intermiſſion of enjoyment as very expedient for *Paramours*, whoſe whole pleaſure is in preſence, why is not an *interregnum* of Fruition as convenient for Friends, in whoſe Vertue all delight is placed, and is not any way incommoded by abſence, in regard it is every where preſent. I know not whether *Epicurus* was at *Athens*, or elſewhere, when writing to his Friend, he bid him do all things as if *Epicurus* ſaw him. But certainly *Annæus* was in *Campania*, when ſpeaking to his *Lucilius*, living in *Sicily*, by Letters, he exhorts him to ſtudy, ſup, and to walk with him, which things he could not perform, unleſs he act them on the Scene of Fancy without the help and Miniſtery of corporeal Organs. But perhaps thine Eyes anxiouſly deſire thy Friend

Friend when abſent: 'tis true, ſomewhat is withdrawn from thy ſight by abſence, but nothing from thy Mind; no nor from thine Eyes neither, if it be a true, firm, and well Eſtabliſh'd Union.

For *Cicero* in an Epiſtle to his Friend *Balbus*, fighting in *France* under the Command of *Caſar*, tells us that he ſaw him not only in his Mind, but with his Eyes too; which if it be ſo, tell me (my good Fellow!) Why canſt thou not both hear thine abſent Friend and ſee him too? Unleſs your ſight is more quick and ready at a Laſcivious caſt, than at a Vertuous glance, and you eſteem ſound more honourable than chaſte Love, which no diſtance or force can obſtruct or hinder. If we ſhould behold nothing, but what is directly before us, and confronts our ſight, and only preſent objects would delight and pleaſe us, then our Viſion muſt needs be narrow, and all our Enjoyments very ſcanty; then farwell all joys of Mental Operations, and the complacency that we find in ſevere Speculations.

Do not therefore rack thy ſelf with the thoughts of thine abſent Friends! Do not reſent his departure heinouſly! He that hath learn'd to bear the death of his Friend, will never be concern'd, or flinch at his abſence. If thou only conſidereſt of this in friendſhip, that

its Foundation is perpetual, firm and ſtable, then Death it ſelf can take nothing from thee. Haſt thou never heard how *Lælius* in *Tully* comforted himſelf? How doth his dear *Scipio* live with him? How doth the Fame and Vertue of his deceaſed Friend ſurvive and flouriſh, and ſhall never be blotted out of the Regiſter of his Memory? Do not therefore yield to thy deſires, but embrace thy Friend in *Idea* and Contemplation, whom neither Death nor Abſence can take from thee! Lament not the departure of thy ſweet Aſſociate, for this bitter abſence will ſweeten, and render more luſcious his deſir'd Preſence.

DECLAM. IV.

Whether Friendſhip is the burthen of Vertue? No.

I Cannot think Love to be ſo degenerous a Paſſion as to ſpring only from ſervile Blood. What are thoſe Friendſhips and Careſſes, thoſe delicate Blandiſhments and ſoft Sportings? What are thoſe chaſte Graces, facetious

cetious Delights, and pleaſant hours it uſually affords? I'll be hang'd if Love be nothing but a ſweet Servitude. What Dialogues and Embraces! What Gifts and Preſents! What acceptable Pledges of reciprocal Affections! And what! Are all theſe only the mutual Offices of Bondage and Slavery? Certainly we rather may exclaim, O the delicious Tenor of a joyful Life! O infinite Bliſs and Happineſs! I ſhould be apt to think *Jove* himſelf Hypochondriack and Melancholy, and not ſufficiently happy in his raviſhing *Eliſium*, if he ſhould always be contemplative, and not ſometimes recreate himſelf and dally in the Society of Gods and Goddeſſes. The moſt affectionate Breaſts of the moſt amorous Turtles do ſometimes boil and ferment with Anger, and are infeſted with the Storms of unkind Brawls. The Cryſtal Serenity of the ſmiling Heavens is darkned with the Tears of a frowning Sky; and the brightneſs of the Sun is benighted with the Horror of Obſcuring Clouds: Thus Friendſhip may be eclipſed, but not extinguiſhed, may ſink into a Swoon and fall away, but not quite into an Apoſtacy and utterly die. He is a moſt delicate Lover, who cannot endure the Froth of raging Language, which when the eſtuation of the

Blood grows calm, and abates, vaniſhes with the Choler that firſt caus'd it. The Commands of my Friends I obey, his Advice I follow, his Perſuaſions I yield to, his Affections I prove, his Jeſts I laugh at, and care not a fig for his Anger, and yet I do nothing whereby I may be thoughtt to ſerve him, but rather to love him; nothing by the Fatal neceſſity and conſtraint of Bondage, but by Friendly Counſel, and the ſweeteſt Sympathy of moſt obliging Lovers. I fear not the frowns of the Angry Heavens, nor a Deluge of Waters, nor Hurricanes of Winds, no nor Death it ſelf, if Friendſhip require it: For to Love is ſo far from being baſe and ſervile, that it is a thing moſt Excellent, Generous and Noble. It is but a ſmall matter to breath out one's Soul, (that indiviſible Particle of Divinity and little gaſp of vital Air,) and to ſhed a few ounces of Blood in the behalf of a Man's Friend: in the mean time let the Envious wretch be rack't and tortur'd, till he ſob from his Skeleton his blew Ghoſt, ſcarce worthy of theſe ſhades to which 'tis damn'd; I ſay, let him ſwart with Anguiſh, to whom to Love, is not ſo much ſlavery as a Torment, Pain and Miſery. Let poor Mortals ſwell with loftineſs, let them huff and be ſupercilious, who trample

trample on all that are beneath their Orb, and with whom to Love is mean and ſordid. Let the moroſe Anchoret be eternally damn'd to the ſolitude of his Cell, to whom Friendſhip is not ſervile but ſuperfluous, and who thinks to Love is the only property of wanton Women.

DECLAM. V.

Whether we may gueſs at a Man's Manners by his Garb and Habit?

FArwell all joys! And whatſoever pleaſures the Soul found in ſecrets, begon and vaniſh! For our privacies now are proſtitute and common, and thoſe things which were only manifeſt to Mathematicians and Aſtrologers, are now publiſh'd to every one by informing Geſtures, and the Rabble may be now of our Privy Counſel. Every limb is become vocal, and not only falſe conſtruction and incongruity of words, but a Soleciſm in our clothes is to be feared too. O vain and fooliſh dread! Doth Nature ſo deſpiſe her work, as that when ſhe gave Men Malice, ſhe would not give them a ſecret too? And ſeeing ſhe hath made our Errors natural, and impos'd upon us a neceſſity of offending,

What! Doth ſhe ſo much imitate *Juno*'s Tyranny, as to commit us to the rout, more glaz'd with Eyes than centocular *Argus*? Certainly ſhe conſults better the good of Mankind, and hath not ſo far gratifi'd *Momus* in his Deſign, as that whatſoever is tranſacted in the inmoſt receſſes and retirements of the Soul, ſhould be publickly legible on the Frontiſpiece of the Face. I appeal to the delicate and ſoft *Alcibiadeſes* of this Age, whoſe ſmoother Brow, and unruffled Aſpect, the learned Civility of whoſe Cloths and Garments, have always pleaded for the Tumults of the Mind, and for the unruly croud of their impetuous Affections. I ſhould aſcribe his Faults to the neceſſity of Fate, who diſcovers them to the World by his Gate and Mien. Let every Man chuſe what Geſtures he pleaſe to be his Advocate; and there is ſcarce any one ſo wretchedly guilty, as to want the Defence, and Apology of his Body. The Elegance of *Greece* hath commended the ruder Barbariſms of monſtrous *Africa*; and eeing various Humours are oftentimes couch'd, and lie hid under the ſame ſhape and viſage, the Judgment of Spectators muſt needs be uncertain, and the Station of Spies be treacherous and deceitful. How have the Fires of Love rag'd and prey'd on Men's Breaſts

Breasts within, and yet that burning *Æna* hath made no change or breach on the Face without; so that *Cupid*'s Flames (like subtil Lightning) hath dissolved the Mettle, and hath left the Scabbard whole and inviolable! How often hath the Wantonness of *Venus* been sporting in the Veins, when the Severity of *Mars* hath sate on the Brow, whose objurgatory Looks have been so tetrical, as that they personate *Cato*, though *Maudlin* drunk. Those excellent Creatures, which (like so many Pictures) Nature hath drawn for the diversion of Man, that ugly Viper hath animated them to their Ruine, and those Charms, that flatter into expectation of a delicate *Helen*, cheats with the enjoyment of a lewd *Lucretia*.

Who would expect such rare Jewels from *Esop* or a Gold-finder? Or who looks for Majesty from *Vespasium*? They vizard themselves in Countenances unlike themselves, so that you discover, or read nothing in the Face but what is vulgar; for their Souls not regarding the Nobility of their Extraction, dwell in counterfeit Mansions below their Dignity, as *Galba*'s Ingenuity had but a bad Lodging. The Soul doth so withdraw it self from the sight of Men, and enjoys the Secrecy of so private a Retirement, as that no Wit can torture it into the confession of

its Nature, which is a Myſtery, and a Riddle thet lies hid from all Men. What therefore? is it condemned to ſolitude? Should it never lay open, and diſplay it ſelf; there have been Geſtures and Poſtures of Body, whereby the mind was wont (as it were) to ſpeak and to ſhew it ſelf, and to render it ſelf conſpicuous to the eyes of others: But (O ſad!) They were all ſo counterfeit and feigned, that after the diſguiſes of ſuch fictious looks, and ſo many Vizors of lying Aſpects, who but a *Priamus*, or a Man prodigal of his Faith can believe any more? One acts a Mimick, another a Player; All men imitate and perſonate all things; and thoſe geſtures which were only promoted by Nature's dictates, are now inculcated, and taught by the Rules of Art. We have prov'd our ſelves the Genuine offſpring of our true Father, and are capable of a Metamorphoſis; ſo that if a *Alcmena* be to be won, we are preſently *Amphitruon'd*; who cannot imitate a Philoſopher in the words of *Hercules*? Who cannot make his Breaſt as immoveable as a Rock, and his Soul as Stoical as any Picture? What *Socratick* Catamite, and filthy Miſcreant cannot bluſh at the name of fulſome Vice? And cannot devoutly defend the cauſe of diſtreſſed and exil'd Vertue, ſo as to be thought a Cheriſher and Patron of Goodneſs;

Goodneſs; and not only the Charms and Beauty of lovely Vertue, and the calmer ſmoothneſs of gentle Manners, but (like turning Scenes) can repreſent the deformities of ugly Vice, and the rougher turbulencies of unruly Affections; can at their pleaſure be Tranſported with Love or Anger, Joy or Hatred, and whatſoever Poſſions are created by Nature, the ſame they can Perſonate and feign by Flattery. How often do we meet with humble Servants, and yet the number of our Family is not yet Increas'd? How do they invade us with Inſinuations of ſapple cringes, with eloborate Phraſe, and with the proteſtations of almoſt a ſwearing countenance; ſo that nothing leſs can be expected than a Transfuſion of themſelves into our very Boſoms, and a cloſe mixture and marriage of our Souls. Behold the Paraſite! How he ſtruts abroad! Who being well furniſh'd with his Garbs, expoſes to ſale his various Poſtures, and with ſome importunity demands what it's you'd have? If his Friend weep, he ſheds a tear; if he ſays he is hot, he preſently ſweats; he mingles his Smiles with his Laughter, and trembles and ſhakes with his fears. Not the twins of *Hypocrates* are more alike. They are always mov'd by the ſame Paſſions, and

(like

(like certain Jewels) oftentimes languish with each others Disease. They are sick and well in the juncture. He is very obsequious to every nod, and reflects like a Looking-glass) and represents to thee the Image of thine own self. Thus his Tears stand Centinel, and his Gestures (if commanded) are ready upon the Guard to make a Sally. Perhaps in Minority, when the Soul lived under a Democracy of Passions, nor had sworn Allegiance to the Government of Reason, then restless Commotions and an Inundation of Licentiousness overflow'd all things; but now Reason is in the Throne, and hath obtained the Empire, such Liberty and Exorbitance will soon vanish; the Affections are subdued, and Nature her self is almost become a Trophy; both looks and gestures are charm'd to a compliance with all Occasions; neither can we be sooner transform'd by *Circe* than by Reason. Whatsoever Whirlwinds do blusser in the Soul, whatsoever Storms do roar, yet the Mouth breaths a *Zephyrus* and softer Gales, and if Reason require it, an enrag'd Soul will not so much even as threaten a damage. I appeal to those unhappy Wretches, whom the pleasant Cruelty of their Prince (like the dangerous calm of a flattering Sea) as often as it would involve the Miserable in Destruction,

compels

compels the unhappy to feign themſelves bleſſed, and to hide the clowdineſs of their Souls and their ſorrows within, with ſerenity of their Aſpects and joy without. Thus ſick and ſad, as if they had eaten *Sardoan* roots, they laugh on the confines and threſhold of Death; and ſo every man defends himſelf by the Conſpiracy of his countenance, and at *Rome* they owe to their faces their life and ſafety.

'Tis happily contriv'd by Nature, that the whole bulk of our Affections can be ſuppreſt by Reaſon, that we can check them when we pleaſe, and ſometimes (as we liſt) may looſen their Veins; and may reſtrain ſome within the Limits of our breaſt, and diſcover thoſe on our Foreheads, which the occaſion ſhall require. If we ſhould commit our ſelves wholly to their guidance, and altogether be obedient to their Commands, into what Precipices would they hurl us: They would certainly betray us into all dangers, and whilſt they furiouſly rage, like ſo many *Æoli*, (thoſe Subjects of the Air,) they would utterly take from us the Sea and the Earth, nay and Heaven too. But the delicate Matrons of this Age have prudently been aware of this Evil, who call a Committee about the accurate diſpoſing of each ſingle hair, and diſpence not

a rod without Counsel, they suffer not the petulancy of a rolling Eye, unless made Authentick and Warranted by a publick Edict; nor do they budge a foot without measure; they Counterfeit Nature, and are so besmear'd and plaistered with Ointment and Pomatum, that the face seeks its self, and cannot find it. Let them be guilty of what fault they will, I am sure they grow not pale at any Crime; but are fortified (as it were) with a brazen Wall, and remain Imperious even to the Eyes of *Linx*.

Neither is the passage more easie into a Courtiers Breast, who doth so wholly devote himself to the humour of the times, as that he also forges his proper Genius: 'Tis not Nature and Inclination but Custome that suggests his Apparel and Gesture; both *Tyrium* and *Trojan* are clad alike without any distinction, and when they walk they move so with the same Soul, that you would think them Puppets. But there is a vain sort of men of a severe Brow, who condemn these persons of Folly, and brand the whole Court with the same Infamy; and indeed justly, if we liv'd in *Plato*'s Common-wealth, or under *Utopian* Government: But we must consult the Age, and our present Customes. No man safely strives against the Stream, and

and he doth too haughtily deſpiſe the preſent times, who ſcruples with a bluſh, and is aſhamed to be mad. He may depart the World, whoſe Vertues would keep him from its Cuſtoms and Faſhions.

Who will hereafter declare his Gueſs? Who will ſuffer his Judgment to be deceiv'd again? Now Diſſimulation triumphs, and hath conquered and poſſeſſeth the whole World. Now every one Counterfeits what Geſture he pleaſes, every one wears what Habit he will, and there are many Ignorant Souls in a Learned Habit, and many (as I may ſay) ungown'd minds in that long Robe. Who will not therefore always confeſs his Ignorance? Who will not bluſh to own that he knew any thing? By a certain Law we know not theſe things, and ſeeing we are forbidden by Nature to underſtand, 'tis not ſo much our Crime to be Ignorant as 'tis our Duty; neither is it ſo much Obedience, as Neceſſity.

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DECLAM. VI.

Whether Aristotle *did well in censuring that saying of* Bias *the Philosopher,* [*Love as if you was about to Hate!*] No.

IF the Friendship of the Peripateticks was as false and secure, as 'tis pleasant and delightful, I am persuaded 'twould be as much in publick like other Vertues, as 'tis now private and solitary, for what Felicity doth it create to Humane Souls? behold! the same desires and humors do lodg only in different breasts! an accessory Consciousness to every Secret, and Dialogues interwoven with mingled Souls, do ravish and delight with such bewitching Transports, as that not only the weak and silly, but even men prudent and severe are Captivated by its Charm.

But there are so many Coverts and Retirements in Humane Breasts, and 'tis so unsafe a thing to confide in any man, that I know not whether the Friendship of *Aristotle*, consisting of the innocent simplicity of a mutual Passion, and of an universal exchange of all Affections,

Affections, I say I know not whether 'tis rather an Infirmity, than a Vertue, and not so much our Comfort as our Ruine; for we that live in *Tiberius*'s days must Christen dissimulation with the name of Vertue, and so to Act the parts of Friendship, as not utterly to forget our Prudence. For there are some that have a Subtle knack in Counterfeiting Vice and feigning Vertue, that have a disposition changeable into every Affection, and smoothly sliding into the Souls of men, endeavours to pry out and find their guilt; and in this they abuse the name of Friendship, that they are always fear'd, but never lov'd.

There are others, who are never more to be dreaded, than when they laugh, who never lay aside the disguise of Severity, but when 'tis Expedient; whose cloudy Brows never clear up into a Serenity of smiles, unless they can gain by such calm Sunshine; wherefore least our Innocency should be trapp'd in such snares, it may be very convenient to think of a Storm in the midst of a Calm, and to embrace the Advice of the Sage Philosopher, who bids us [Love so as if we were about to Hate.] Men slowly complain of those things, which have befalu them through their own default, and Folly is attended with this Evil it always upbraids; therefore lest Temerity

merity with its [I had not thought] ſhould rather be a Torment, than an Enjoyment, and more grieve than comfort us; I fanſie it the wiſeſt, and the ſafeſt piece of Dotage ſo to temper our Love, as to ſavour more of Judgment, than Affection, and ſo to deal and canton our perſons to others, as to reſerve a Portion for our own ſelves, whether we conſider men themſelves, or the danger of the thing it ſelf. 'Tis ſcarce ſo pleaſant to find a Friend, as 'tis miſerable to be deceiv'd in him. If we contemplate the ſeveral Ages of Men, we ſhall find that Minority and Rawneſs excludes Children from the Solemnity of ſo Sacred a League, and not ſo much Peeviſhneſs and Moroſity, as Covetouſneſs debars and keeps off Aged; they mind nothing but Wealth, they Negotiate in Friendſhip and gain by their Traffick, and love not any Man, but when it coſts them nothing I would willingly admit Men into the moſt inward retirements and receſſes of Friendſhip, if they would either love more or be leſs wiſe; for as Affection abates as the Judgment increaſes, thus youthful heats cool at maturity; and though the fervor and violence of their Paſſions ſuffer young Men to enter into the Embraces of Friendſhip, yet heady raſhneſs and an unweary diſpenſation of their

Affections,

Affections, will drive them from thoſe Sacred Ties; and things Acted with heat and violence are not ſo firm and ſtable, as thoſe, that are done with deliberation of mature Judgment: *Juvenile affections* have ſhorter periods, whoſe impetuous boilings will eaſily ferment themſelves into a ſudden calm; they are for the moſt part charm'd with the likeneſs of Pleaſures, and are rather jocund among themſelves than paſſionate, as *Geminus* and *Sejanus* were mutual Friends in Luxury and Softneſs.

Thus are Mens Ages beſieg'd on all ſides with theſe difficulties, and if we ſhall farther conſider the manners of Men, which they have fram'd to themſelves, we ſhall eaſily perceive there is a great neceſſity of believing our ſelves, and of no confiding in any body elſe.

The firſt ſort of Men that occur are thoſe, who as oft as we meet with them, riſe up upon their legs, and by the pleaſantneſs of their geſtures are diſſolved and melted almoſt into kiſſes and embraces; they are ready to skip out of themſelves, neither complain they of Injuries received from thoſe they love. Nothing fitter for Society, than theſe Men, if we were born for nothing, but to Sleep and Revel. They have ſomewhat of a jovial Gayety, an allowable Innocence in him, who is permitted either to play the Fool, or Madman;

man; for he muſt be either the one or the other, who doth ſo laviſhly Congratulate, and is ſo profuſe in his fawnings.

But there are others in the ſecond place, who have more ſober Affections, and have a kindneſs for all, proportioning themſelves to every one by Weight and Meaſure: their Diſcourſe is obliging, and their Deportment inſinuating, neither their Aſpects Satyrical, nor Language ſevere; they ſpeak Panegyricks, and dare not diſcharge a jeſt even againſt the moſt Enormous Crime. Nothing fitter for Civilities than ſuch Natures, they are Obſequious to every man, and being averſe to quarrelling, are Enemies to no one; they never ſport or toy with their Wits, but are ſo Solicitous and careful about their Gall, that they are altogether void of, and are without Salt—But give me a Friend with whom I may diſplay the Urbanities of a jocund humor, and beguile the tediouſneſs of the hours with the Pinquunt Facetiouſneſs of ſmart Jeſts: but however in regard they are harmleſs, ſuch diſpoſitions may pleaſe, whether amongſt Friends or Enemies; but becauſe they ſtudy to deſerve and careſs ſo coldly; as that they neither love nor are beloved, and as they have moſt delicate Ears, ſo the unhappy event of one cruel joke, will ſcar them out of company.

There

There is a third ſort of People, who voluntarily Exclude themſelves from the precincts of Friendſhip, whilſt they only ſpeak for fear of others, and if they Accoſt any one, ſeem rather to commit Theft, than to weave a Dialogue: they diſcourſe ſoftly Hiſtory and Annals, and whiſper Edicts and Acts of Parliament, and (like *Cinna* in the *Epigram*) they commend the Prince in your Ear, they praiſe the Invention of Letters, and the Acrimonious Moiſture of tart Citron, and (if poſſible) without Voice, or Books, would rather ſhew what they would have, than ſpeak it: and theſe are ſo Suſpicious, that they are ſcarce ſecure even from themſelves; becauſe Truth loves to be ſeen, and ſeeks no corners: I am apt to believe therefore that there is no ſound Affection in ſuch private tempers; they are ſilly Waſps of Mankind, who from every Company ſuck Poiſon.

There are oppoſite to theſe other Perſons, who are as free and open, as they were private and reſerv'd Men of a cryſtal and tranſparent breaſt, who have cribrous ſides, and are full of chinks, from whom whatſoever is put in, either through the eaſineſs of Nature, or ſoftneſs of Humor, doth leak out. Who or what theſe perſons are, not *Apollo* himſelf, with his whole Choir of Muſes can declare

unto

unto us; they have an *Extempore* way of living, neither do they perform thoſe things they thought on, but thoſe, which they have popt on; and act not ſo much by conſideration as chance; and if they offend, 'tis rather out of weakneſs than Choice, out of infirmity rather than Judgment: and (like *Fabius* in *Livy*) are rather inconſiſtent in Good than diligent in Evil. And as they are wild and talkative, ſo they often diſcover ſome Grains of Salt, ſome Specimens of Ingenuity, which are rather the Products of the Madneſs of their Brain, than of the Acuteneſs and Eaſineſs of their Wits. Somewhat of kin to theſe are thoſe, who are inſpired with Eloquence only at Feaſts and Taverns, who never clear up into laughter, but when they Sup abroad. Theſe ſeem to be born on purpoſe for *Saturnalia*? they ſpend their time in much Feſtivity, but withall they live in jolly Gluttony. No man begins a ſtory more happily, or commends the Treatment more laviſhly. What news? he receives at the Gates Original Rumors, neither need any one tell him the portents of a Comit, or in what breaſt the *Spaniard* will ſheath his Sword. But if theſe Perſons are driven out of the Road of their common Diſcourſe, then their Fluency engendred at other mens Trenchers

forſakes

forſakes and leaves them, and they begin to be tedious, who only maintain their Tongues in obedience to their Bellies; and now amidſt ſuch infinite variety of Humors and Tempers, who dare unbutton his Breaſt, and Unboſome his Soul, and lay himſelf naked to the Conſcience of every man? Who would not be Cenſur'd and accus'd for Temerity, whom the Prefidiouſneſs of others ſhould thus unwarily overwhelm? Though fortunate and happy Love hath bleſſed thee with Friends free from theſe Evils ſo common to Mortals, one in thy Opinion fit for the Myſteries and Secrecies of private Counſels, yet thou knoweſt not what a day may bring forth: There are Viciſſitudes in Love, Truces and Enmities, Wars and Peace, and though the Wounds of offended Majeſty may be ſometimes healed; yet they ſo cloſe as to leave a Scar behind them, as a Monument of the Injury; ſo that there may ſtill remain a jarring Harmony, and Grudges more dangerous, than open Animoſities. A Fracture in a Joynt will hardly be ſet, and a Breach in an Union ſo cloſe and intimate will be ſcarcely ſolder'd. Fraternal Hatred is become a Proverb, and 'tis a Maxim, that moſt Implacable Enmities are betwixt thoſe of a Blood.

Thus you ſee 'tis not ſafe to be too much a Companion,

Companion, but sometimes destructive; for who is there that understands men, and who is a sagacious diver into humane Souls? I say amidst the Insinuating Caresses and Blandishments of Lovers, as Exchang'd Hands, Mutual Embraces, and Reciprocal Sights, Protestations and Oaths, who dare, I say, rather promise or assure himself of Fidelity, than Deceit and Snares? Certainly more Innocent and harmless Souls have been often circumvented by Specious pretences and appearances of Affection, and such Impostures are so much the more rise, by how much the more securely they can cheat and cozen. Who would have thought any Treachery lurk't under that vizard of Friendship between *Firmius Catus* and his dear *Libo*, who was his Associate in Luxury, Debt, and Lust too? Who would have suspected Falshood in the Familiarity between *Lactiaris* and *Sabinus*? Love and Affection, the most simple things in the World, are both ensnar'd, and *Libo* and *Sejanus* are destroyed by those from whom they expected the greatest Safety. Wicked *Latiares* occur every where, who after the greatest Profession of the sincerest Love do entrap Mortals in their unwary Discourses; they are the worst kind of Enemies, for whom we cannot be prepared in War, and against whom we cannot be secure

cure in Peace; *vomica & carcinomata humani generis*, born only for the publick Evil; worthy to Sail in *Trajan*'s Boat, being Piacular Victims of Inteſtine Wars, Slaughters, Deſolations, and ſeeing they are hated as much by them, whom they profit, as by thoſe whom they accuſe, let them ſuffer puniſhment with the ſame pain they procure it. Men can never be Cautious enough at all times; and I fear a Man can never be ſuſpicious enough about their Examples, from whoſe end there can never be faithful Security.

DECLAM. VII.

Whether the Decay and Periods of Empires are to be aſcribed to Fate?

WHat! when Fortune ſuſpends the guidance of the World, does it then begin to ſhake and totter? Is the Univerſe govern'd by the Fortuitous turnings and Temerarious courſes of blind Chance? 'Tis unſeaſonable Impiety that diſturbs and tortures *Epicurus* his Ghoſt; we follow not the Con-

duct of the Heavens, neither do we lead our lives according to the Government of the Stars. All things are eſtabliſh'd in certain Periods, and we are all rul'd by the pre-ordain'd Counſels of impendent Fates. Behold! the Funerals and remaining Aſhes of the chiefeſt Monarchies! A purpl'd Emperor crowded into the narrowneſs of a little Urn! See! The poſthumous rubbiſh of moldred Cities, and the noiſome Carcaſes of numerous Armies! One hour will ſacrifice a thouſand *Myriads* to the Shades below. See! This is the ratified Decree of the ſtubborn Deſtinies.

He that in the volumes of the Heavens hath read the Nativities of Kingdoms, and hath conſulted the Stars, Midwifing it at the Birth of an Infant Empire; I ſay, ſuch a Man may by a certain Augury foretell the Fatal Period of a dying Nation, as well as if he had ſtudied the diſmal Annals of the cruel Fates, or as if the Gods had inform'd him by the Embaſſy of their Agent, I mean their *Mercury*. When a Comet flames with its direful Beams, and when the Deities have ſet up their Funeral Torches, Who ſuſpects not the death of a King at hand? Surely they kindle thoſe blazing Lamps to diſcover the untrodden way of Princes to Bliſs, or rather they are Feſtival Lights, Solemn Bon-fires made

by

by the Gods to congratulate their Instalment into their pleasant Paradise.

There is nothing in the World more august than Majesty; 'tis a personated Deity, and is inscrib'd with Divinity. How Sacred is that Head that supports a Crown! How holy that Person that's attir'd with reverend and modest Purple! Yet those that celebrate magnificent Nativities, and more solemn Obsequies, tell us, that even *Cæsars* themselves are born and die as we do; Nature hath made them of nobler Mould, but yet one spark of a Fever, one dram of Poison will soon dispatch them from the Elements, and send them on an Errand into another World. How slippery is the top of fickle Fortune! How steep and declining is Honours Precipice! How whirling and unsteady are the Pinnacles and Battlements of Potent Empires! The haughty Sun that now culminates in the *Zenith* with his whole Orb of Light, after a few Minutes declines towards his Western Grave; and the Lamps of Heaven are all kindled to inflame the Magnificence of his Funeral; and thus the Constitutions of Empires are brittle and uncertain. An ambitious Cloud through the propitious Serenity of a smiling Day, aspires aloft and climbs the Air, which being disquieted and tost by the

ruder Winds, melts into Tears, and weeps it ſelf down into the lower Region; and ſuch is the downfal of the greateſt Dignity.

Fanſie *Alexander* the Lord of the Earth, and the univerſal Monarch of all Nature; I ſay, Fanſie him on a Throne begirt with a ring of numerous Guards; Fanſie the whole Race of Mankind to be liſted into one *Macedonian* Army! And then I pray, what ruſtick Deity can be ſo uncivil as to dethrone the King, to uncrown his Brow without incurring the guilt of horrid Treaſon? Yet after all this Pomp, after a few years he yields to Fate, at the diſſolution of whoſe Empire are born many petty Principalities, as the Stars do appear and riſe at the Sun's Funeral. Why ſhould I mention the Tragical Cataſtrophes of expiring Kingdoms! The whole Univerſe haſtens and inclines to the Weſt, and we, whom Nature hath reſerv'd to the laſt Twilight of the ſetting World; I ſay, we muſt undergo the extream Viciſſitudes of all things, when the Univerſal Contexture ſhall be all unravell'd, and the Series of Time ſhall have run to its laſt Sand. I wonder at the Quietneſs of Students in ſo great a Whirlwind and hurry of Buſineſs, who depiſe the Vanities and Trifles of Wealth and Honours, and enquire not ſo much as what the World is doing without their Studies.

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DECLAM. VIII.

Unity doth preſerve a City.

SO Divine are the advantages, ſo charming the Beauties, and ſo pravalent the Power and Force of Unity, that 'tis the very Life and Soul, the very Flame and Spirit that actuates, that gives briskneſs to every thing. If all Strife was condemn'd to the Shades below, and this kinder Deity would converſe with Men here in this Light above, I know not what golden Ages, what pleaſant *Eliſiums* 'twould procure to Mortals, nay (to ſpeak more boldly) an Eternal World; but, as the Philoſopher tells us, if the Sun ſhould be buried in an Eclipſe, and be exiled from his Orb, the day would be extinguiſh't, and die into darkneſs, and the obſcure Globe of the widdowed Moon would flie and vaniſh into Winds and Showers: And thus, if Concord ſhould be baniſh'd from this Sublunary Scene, and Friendſhip oſtraciſm'd out of this inferiour World, and the golden Chain of Unity ſhould be unlink'd and broken; how ſoon would this beauteous Contex-

ture be all unravelled into its firſt Chaos, the unpropt Heavens would want an *Atlas*; Kingdoms would moulder into duſt and rubbiſh; and Princes vaniſh into Air and Shades. There would be either no Empires at all, or very vain ones, like Heads in Pictures, without Brains. In vain would the Heavens flatter themſelves with the hopes of a long duration of inviolable Stars and uncorrupted Ages, if they did not harmoniouſly accord within themſelves, and all Diſcord being divorc'd of the wrangling Qualities, if by a happy Marriage they were not United to their Matter, and among themſelves too.

The daily Diſſolution we ſee in things, and their continual haſtnings to their laſt Period, proceeds meerly from Strifes and Conteſts. The Elements do mutually engage at Cuffs, and as it were ſtudiouſly bent on each other's Ruine, do box it ſtoutly till Death do part them. Neither can we Mortals boaſt a greater Safety, who through Wars and Contentions do ruſh upon our Fate with winged ſpeed. Death would every where be eſteem'd but a Fable and Phantaſm, a very vain and trivial Deity, if Men would accord within themſelves, and enter into a ſtrict League of mutual Charity. For no life ſo happy, or (as if emulous of Heaven) comes

comes nearer the Nature of the Gods above, than where there is a reciprocal Harmony of Wills and Desires, and (if possible) a Mixture of Souls. The most impregnable Bulworks, nay the Sinews of a Nation, even Money it self, cann't so fortifie a City, as the mutual Kindness and Love of Citizens. No Engines whatsoever, nay, the tutelar Deities themselves can't be Talismans sufficient for the defence of that place, which is not blessed with the sacred Genius of Unanimity. For how doth it lie open even to an unarmed Man, when fermenting and boiling with intestine feuds, it contends against it self, and is its own Enemy! To how great dangers both of Rocks and Waves is that Vessel exposed, which amidst bustling Storms and the gaping Ocean (as it were for the pastime of the Winds) is distracted with the contrary violence of divers Pilots! And certainly to no less hazards is obnoxious that City, whose Inhabitants, disagreeing among themselves, and being of various tempers, do exchange their Peace and Quiet for bloody Brawls and inhumane Slaughters. That either Shelves or Quick-sands, this either its self or its Enemies will overwhelm with Ruine. As a dismal instance of this sad Event, I appeal to that fortified

City of *Regium*, ſo beſieg'd on all ſides with ſtrength and Bulworks, that it ſtood impregnable againſt all Invaſion, and baffled the Aſſaults even of the God of War: But when it once began to groan under inteſtine Animoſities, with what winged ſpeed did it flie to Ruine, and how ſoon did it drop into Duſt and Rubbiſh? How many Ghoſts did the civil Wars diſmiſs to the Shades below! How did they tire the Deſtinies with repeated Funerals! And weary the Boat of reſtleſs *Charon!* And at laſt, with what Facility did the beſieg'd, their ſtrength being moſt decay'd by a long League, I ſay, how ſoon did they raſe the City, and drew about it their Hoſtile Plow? And therefore (O *Rome!*) Not an Army of Mountains can promiſe thee unſhaken Walls, or a ſafe Capitol, ſo long as thou frameſt to thy ſelf *Trojan* Horſes, whilſt Private *Catilines* with Fire and Sword invade the Senate.

There is no ſpeedier way to Spoils and Trophies, than when (Swords and Souls as it were conſpiring) all Men level at the ſame end. Nothing ſooner blocks up the paſſage of an invading Enemy, than twiſted Counſels, and Breaſts United in one common Harmony. Not numerous *Xerxes*, a General more formidable than any *Encelladus*, at whoſe

whoſe ſight the very Sun abſconded, and Nature totter'd, whoſe Army ſip't up the Ocean, and whoſe Arrows Heaven; I ſay, this terrible Warrier could not one jot prevail, either with Fire or Sword, againſt united *Greece*; for that all commanding Deity, Love, ſoon ſcatter'd his Forces better than the ſtrength of any Engine. What unprofitable Darts did that grim Aſpect of War ſhoot and level! How was the Sword brandiſh'd in vain! Neither could any Arm, or the God of War himſelf do any thing.

Let us reflect on our Age, and take a ſurvey of this Kingdom! What ſerene days have we enjoyed here! How, to the envy of Ages and Nations, without Camp or Sword, hath our *Britain* flouriſh'd! And I hope will for ever enjoy an undiſturbed Peace! We congratulate our Unity, Peace, Laws, Judges, Flamines, Temples, Cities, Academies, and whatſoever is ſacred or auguſt in this our *England*. What Elegancies are legible and inſcrib'd in the Fabrick of the Body! What Charms are conſpicuous in each part, and what Divinities are ſcattered in every member! How in vain doth the Dotage of the year diſcover its hoaryneſs in Ice and Froſts, and with what fruitleſs flames do the Stars burn; ſeeing it can eſtabliſh to its ſelf an

amicable Concord, and harmonious Temper; whereas let but the disagreeing Principles of things contend and squabble, and how swiftly do they hasten to their Ruine?

Thus Cities grow, and great Wealth is preserved, and a little increased by Concord; but Discord diminisheth the most opulent Towns. Those things are most durable, which are most One and United; and all things covet an Eternity, and are ambitious of Immortality. Thus Stones stick most closely in their several Parts; Water crowds into a Globe, lest it should perish by Division; if any thick Body be laid upon it, it is advanced upward, and (I know not by what Instinct) preserves in an abiding state, in regard the parts will not be Seperated from their parts; for all separation is fatal to things that are alike. Particles of Water falling on the pavement of a smooth Table, appear and shew themselves tumid and globular, neither will be demolish'd into flatness by the shaken board. But if other portions of the Element be added to them, then one drop hath a mind to, and desires another, and then they are as it were immediately Married and Mutually Incorporated, assisting each other against the Hostilities of the Air, and the violence of the surface on which they

they fell, leſt they ſhould be deſtroyed by them. All which do as it were with a vocal ſtilneſs whiſper and ſuggeſt, and as ſo many mute Doctors, do proclaim by their ſilence, what a guard inviolable Concord and Unity, uninterrupted by Strifes, and emulous of Eternity, hath indulged to Nature.

But now, if Nations owe their Cities (thoſe Souls of Kingdoms) and Sceptres to Love and Amity, and are more ſafely begirt with a guard of Hearts, than of Swords or Hands, or if theſe ſublunary things in the abſence of this Deity, ſhould be preſently involv'd in a ſudden deſtruction, neither Nature herſelf, nor the World, no, nor the Deities themſelves could prorogue their Eternity: If this is the happyeſt boon and the ſafeſt benefit that Nature ever beſtowed on Mankind, I wiſh all things lucky and proſperous to all Men; and 'tis the Summ of my deſires that this our *Parnaſſus* may eternally flouriſh with the beauteous Harmony of Counſels, Arts and Souls; and above all names, thrice Holy be to us that Innocent and Propitious Genius of Unity and Concord; but as for Strife and Diſcord, let them for ever be condemn'd to the lower Regions, and be a vexation to the Furies amongſt which they were bread! Let Envy be baniſh'd to the infernal

infernal Shades whoſe poiſonous Nature blaſts by Infection its neighbour's Fame, leſt it ſhould ſurvive and increaſe its Leanneſs Begone all ye clamorous Detractors, with your virulent Tongues, who are arm'd with the Points and Stings of Satyrs, or pointed with the Stings of Adders, whoſe Weapons are tinctur'd with the blood Vipers; who never think themſelves more content and quiet, than when they wrangle and brawl with the greateſt diſquietude! Let fraternal Animoſities die and vaniſh! Let it be no longer proverbial that moſt implacable Enmity ariſes from Blood! Let us not, as if born ſo many *Catalines* againſt our *Rome*, promote domeſtick Fewds, or civil Diſcord; but let all our Studies, Muſes, Souls and Deſires, Conſpire in this one thing, that theſe our Manſions may ever enjoy the bleſſing of Peace to the increaſe of Piety, Concord, Vertue and Unity.

DECLAM. IX.

Whether the Senses can err, or be deceived, when conversant about their proper Objects? Affirm'd.

HOw is humane Understanding inwrapp'd in Darkness? How is that diviner Fragment of a rational Soul benighted as it were in the mists of Error! That Off-spring of *Jove* that constitutes Men, nay dignifies them with the Essence almost of Gods, I say, how is it invelopp'd in Clouds of Ignorance! The too frequent Infirmities and Failures of craz'd and distemper'd Heads, and that variety of Danger to which every year, age, and lives of all Men are casually exposed, are too ample demonstrations of this Truth.

A Description of an Epicure.

Behold! Here's one born for the Luxury of a Banquet! See! another *Sardanapalus*; whose very Nature is calculated for a Festival Entertainment. He deifies a Kitchin, and adores the Ingenuity of a pallatable Dish, and is prostrate to a Table groaning under the Varieties

ties of *Ambrosian* Delicacies. He looks upon that to be the Flower of Being, and as it were the Life and Soul of Life, which lies melted and dissolved in the midst of Junkets, even to the nauseating of the Plenty of loath'd Dainties. He never thinks he fares deliciously unless his Riot doth invert the Season, and he crown his Goblet with Winter-Roses; unless *Falernian* dissolve the Summer-Snow in his Cup of Pearl, and a strange Fowl of an unknown Sky, or an exotick Fish of a foreign Shoar are the constant Messes of his curious Meals. He increases the thirsty Avarice of his silver Dropsie with golden Naps, being laborious even beyond *Cleanthes* for Self and Money. He fansies to himself I know not what kind of chimical Happiness to arise even from his very Pockets, and had rather be a *Crœsus* or a *Midas*, than a *Saturn* or a *Jove* in their respective Heavens.

He loves to be seen in a Croud or Throng, and then thinks he most happily sets up his Plumes, when his sweaty Fingers are hoop'd with a Summer-Ring.

When born on six Men's Shoulders (on both sides The Curtains tuck'd up, Windows open) rides Lolling, Mecœnas-like———

Every

Every Wiſh aims at Empire, and he is highly ſmitten with and dotes on Monarchy. Whilſt his Soul is involv'd in Clouds of Error, it is a very ill Judge of things; wherefore he, ambitiouſly breathing after that Fortune, which the higher it is, it is the more unſtable, and through the anger of the Fates ſinks and falls with a greater Ruine.

So purblind are the Minds and Underſtandings of Men, that it oftentimes embraces Falſities for Truths, and (whilſt we too ſilly do follow its Guidance and Conduct) it doth varniſh, and adulterate evil into good; wherewith we are not only unwarily deceived, but ſometimes enſnared into our own Ruine; and can by no means promiſe the Rays of the Moon and Stars to be kept inviolable, if a bolder Cloud and impudent Darkneſs ſhould invade the Sun; neither can it be hop'd that thoſe Streams ſhould be clear as Cryſtal, which derive a Filthineſs from the very Fountain.

The Will ſeems to be darkned by the borrowed Errors of the Underſtanding; if therefore theſe Endowments of Immortality, theſe almoſt Godlike Powers of the Soul, the Mind and Will, have their Failures, falſe Images and Repreſentations of things, we ſhould much offend in aſcribing ſo great a cer-

a certainty to outward Senſes, which we have in common with Brutes. Theſe Guards or Centinels are ſo far from being acute and dextrous, that their Deceptions equal them, and they are guilty of as many Errors as they have Objects. Thus the Stars to the bleer-ey'd are as ſo many Giants; and the Moon ſeems leſs than every Wheel. I ſhall not inſiſt on phantaſtick Meteors, which having no exiſtence, are only ſplendid and gawdy Apparitions; thus Sweets are bitter to the Feveriſh Palat. Here is one tickled with the Harmony of the Spheres, and there is one offended with the Fragrancy of a Roſe. The Errors of the Senſes are ſo frequent and familiar, that it is not worth while to inſiſt any longer upon them.

DECLAM. X.

Whether Monarchy be the best Form of Government?

Silence! What confused Noise and Tumult is this? How great a Concourse of clamorous People! Can we tell what they say, or wherefore they are come together? They cannot tell themselves. Liberty, Liberty they cry; and they say, they are come to chuse their Governors. Let them set their Hearts at rest, and calmly depart; their Governor is not now to be chosen, since God and Nature, and Law Natural are before-hand with them, who have unanimously appointed them a Government under one Sovereign Governor, whom they call a Monarch: For who brought in other Forms, Aristocracy or Democracy? Let them look back into the Originals of Rule and Government, trace the History of their Ancestors, when the World was not so mad and tumultuous? Do we find Anarchy in the first Ages? Any Field-meetings and tumultuous Inundations of People, which, their Banks being broken, furiously drive on and bear all

all before them? Did God and Nature ſo ill provide for the World, that they left them at any time without Government, that Men muſt ſhift for themſelves, and be their own Providers of ſo great a Bleſſing.

'Tis true, if Mankind had grown out of the Earth like Muſhrooms, or ſpawn'd into the World at one inſtant, if they had been transform'd from Emmets to *Myrmidons*, or like Frogs and Todpoles, (the only *Aborigenes* that I know,) had been conceived by the Slime of *Nile*, and from thence, peopled the World, they might then have muttered ſomething of chuſing a Governor, if a People in the State of a natural Barbarity and ſavage Life can attain to ſo much ſound Reaſon and good inſight in Morals as to call for Order and Government, which I much queſtion, ſince civil Education is one of the benefits of Government: As for Experience, there can be none in our caſe.

No, *Principio rerum*, ſaith the Hiſtorian, *Gentium Nationumque imperium penes Reges erat.* At the beginning the World knew none but Monarchy. *Omnes antiquæ gentes Regibus quondam paruêre*, ſaith the Orator. Not only the Eaſt and South, *Aſia* and *Egypt*, but even *Italy*, *Greece*, and the Territories thereof, which in after Ages admitted Democracy, or Ariſtocratical

Ariſtocratical mixtures, ſuch as *Argos*, *Athens*, *Sicyon*, *Lacedemon*, were at firſt governed by Kings, whoſe Names are ſtill preſerved in Hiſtory. For ſo it is, if we run back the Series of the Generations of the World, as far as the Clue will guide us, we ſhall find that Government was firſt founded in Families, which multiplying into Tribes, became Townſhips, then Cities; whence their Dominion growing conſiderable, diſcovered to their Neighbours their way of Government, which was by their Natural Prince.

Where then is the Noiſe? The Liberty that they ſo cry up, what would they have when they ſay they are free-born? They do not intend, ſure, to do what they liſt; for if Monarchical Power, as all civil, yea and barbarous Nations confeſs, is founded in Paternal Power, then it is clear from God and Nature's Law, that no Man can ſay, he is free-born from Government, ſince it is his Governor, who begat him.

Hence the Divine Command, which knew how to expreſs it ſelf, by *honouring* our *Father* and *Mother*, ſecures Obedience to their Prince, being literally true in *Adam*, *Noah*, *Abraham*, *Iſrael*, that they were Fathers and Princes of their People.

And that the Commonalty may learn what ſhare

ſhare they had then in Election of their Governor, the firſt born, by his Primogeniture, his unqueſtionable Right, ſucceeded.

This is the Government, which God and Nature hath appointed; all other Governments are Sophiſtical, forced Devices of politick, unpolitick Men, lame, and imperfect, and ſpurious Models, ſcarce to be called by the beauteous Name of Government, but as they reſemble the Feature and Lineaments of Monarchy. I know the unhappy Conceptions of the inconſiderable Vulgar, who (for want of Education and better Principles) look upon their ſupreme Governor, as a Nuſance to Mankind, a Perſon only of an exalted Fortune, living at his Eaſe and Splendor (which if they were anatomized, we ſhould find they grudge to all, but themſelves) careleſs in the mean time of the Law, and the Common-wealth, with Power to oppreſs, not to protect.

But this is a falſe Character, unreaſonably made up by the envious Obſervers of the Failures of the Perſon, who never counterpoiſe them with the unſpeakable benefits we enjoy under Him: The beholder was in the ſhade and dark ſide of the Piece; Let him ſuffer himſelf to ſtand in the true Light, and he ſhall diſcern better Features.

Conſider

Consider Him, with me, as the Sacred Fountain of JUSTICE, a Word not to be writ but in Capital Letters, engraven in a Memory of Marble: Consider Him as the great Soul of the LAW, the Rule and Standard of Justice, and like the Soul, (for that also is a Monarch, and hath its Jurisdiction) exercising vital Acts through all, even the remotest Parts of his Territories, in every Burrough, Village, Hamlet, by his inferior Courts and Officers, without which there is no Life in the Body, no Liberty, no Safety, no Right, nothing that is dear to us shall be enjoyed, nothing that is due to us shall be recovered; all that I am or have shall be at the Mercy of another; my Estate, whether left me by my Ancestors, or dear gotten by indefatigable Industry, carried away without remorse, my Cattel driven off my Ground, Herbage trod to Dirt, Corn Fields fired, my Children spirited away, Wife ravished from my Arms, my own Person dogg'd and waylaid by treacherous Miscreants, and for a fatal conclusion of all Mischiefs, barbarously murdered; my Carcals in the mean while bleeding for a Coroner, only my Soul scapes away to complain of the Murder.

So that without the Law, I should not live in a Tub, with the Philosopher, but in a Mortar

Mortar, where every Man may pound me; beſides that even my Fears would daily kill me, as in a diſtreſſed Veſſel in a very tempeſtuous Sea, Men die every minute, and their Hearts ſink a thouſand times before the Veſſel is foundred.

How bleſſed a thing is Government, which ſtaves off all theſe Injuries from us? And forbids them under ſuch ſevere Penalties which none but mad Men will incurr? How bleſſed a thing is Law, which brings Safety into the World, and Innocence, the Parent of Safety, under whoſe Protection I enjoy my unconfined Liberty, my Houſe is not my Priſon but my Caſtle, the High-way is my Road, the Neighbour-Meadows are my Walks, and the whole Land is my Market!

Theſe things conſidered, it is meer Stupidity not to think of a Governor with Honour, and mention him with Reſpect, the Monarch I mean, if Kings prove to be the ancient Form, to *Them* we are obliged for the eſtabliſhing theſe Laws, and to none before them.

Where are the Republicans then? Is not our Monarchy a Common-wealth? Ingratitude it ſelf cannot deny it. The other Names of Common-wealth counter-diſtinct to a Kingdom, are but a Cheat; a Deluſion of the

the People with an ambiguous Word; for a Common-wealth truly ſo called, is really found in the Regal Government, as is evident by the Family, its firſt Rudiment, where the Laws of the Maſter of the Houſe provide for the common Good, even for the Servants themſelves, according to their Station. But 'tis true, as it happens in Families, ſo we often ſee it in Kingdoms, Men are weary of their Services and Freedoms too, when they cannot mend themſelves.

For the eſtabliſhing of Monarchy therefore let all Patrons of Ariſtocracy and Democracy know, there are and ought to be many Governors ſubordinate, yet Sovereignty is ſetled in one. One, I ſay, to avoid Diviſion, therefore hateful becauſe it obſtructs the common Good, proves the bane of Governor and People; juſt as if you divide the Natural Body, it periſhes; yea one Limb ſevered from the whole, keeps no Life after; but endangers the reſt. Not a poor Worm divided can ſubſiſt, its ſevered Pieces may make a ſhew of Life and ſtruggle for a while, but they never unite again, an Army divided needs no other Foe, it countermines and diſſipates it ſelf.

Trace we therefore the Footſteps of Divine and Humane Wiſdom, and we ſhall find by way of Prevention, one Head in the Natural

Natural Body, and one Head in the Politick, one *Paterfamilias*, one Husband, one Prince, one General, one Pilot. What is the Lion in the Forest but the Prince of his Territories, the Master-Bee (King or Queen we will not dispute) but the Monarch of the Hive, the Sun in the Firmament, the Governor, the Leader, the *Choragus* of all the Stars. God has made Monarchy to stare in our Eyes, in Heaven it self there is one Chieftain, and how much more ought there to be on Earth, seeing in Earth we have many giddy Planets, who will go direct, and retrograde, and how they please.

May we not add, the Lord of the Universe is but *One*, nay, that his Perfection lies in that he is but One, two Chiefs are as absurd as two Infinites, certainly all Majesty is seated in Unity, divided Government makes no shew, there is Majesty in the prospect of a vast Mountain, and none in a hundred Mole-hills.

And what News is it to tell the World, even from that one Head of the Antiquity of Monarchy, that the Earthly Monarch is constituted by the Heavenly, ordained to be his Deputy, a Vice-roy to him, reigning in his stead? Weak People, God help us, we are not willing our Duty should be demonstrated to us, we would have all obligation to be at pleasure and in-

indifferent, but yet 'tis this Divine Deputation which only exalts and sets him on his true base, ennobles the Governour, not his Person or his Nature, (for with the poor Rusticks leave, he is a Man like us,) but his Relation to that Sovereign Power, far above all Principality, whose very adumbrations require our Honour, subjection being due to his Institutions.

And lest the Republican should plead ignorance, let us shew him how this Relation is made known, more especially in Successive, the only true Monarchy: Even by that very *Succession*, when Heaven is pleased to commend to us a Prince descended of Princes, and that by an Immortal descent, willing to signalize a Family and perpetuate the stream of Blood Royal from Age to Age; beside Personal Majesty, not *Assumed*, but *Inherent*, *Royal Clemency*, *Gracious* and *Beactable* Temper, to which we mud add a Testimony from Heaven, *Miraculous* Gifts of *Healing* Entailed upon the Blood: So is the Lyon's Perogative manifested by his Pace and Aspect, and the Presidence of the Bee by his Size and Wing.

So that we ought to hear no more of that infidel Objection, *That the King is but One, and therefore cannot be greater than thousands of his People*: The Answer is bold to say,

He stands for GOD, so that though he is One, he is found in the place of Millions, and according to true Arithmetick, if we trie Numeration aright, he is of more value than the subsequent numbers.

Let the King therefore be chief in God's name, and then view his lovely Train of *Nobles, Dukes, Earls, Viscounts, Marquesses, Barons, Knights, Judges, Gentry,* to take no notice of the *Ecclesiastical* State, how transporting is the Prospect, how beautiful and stately is the Inclosure, a Garden deckt with flowers Imperial, distributed in their Beds, whereby the variety of their Colours, in Field Argent, Or, Gules Verd, they delight and distract the Eye, (while we the poor commons are the humble Grass-plots of the place.) All with the *Heliotrope*, worshiping the Sovereign who gives Life and Spirit to us by day, and refreshes us with his dews by night.

What of this have we in a Democracy: Go to the *Roman*; First, a goodly pair of Consuls, then two or three hundred Partricians, over them a Censor to take their Names, yea and Estates too; a Prætor, a Tribune, two, or three, or more, according as they can speed in the scuffle of Elections, a Scavenger, *Edile*, &c.

We will not anatomize the *Belgick* Estates, nor yet the *Venetian Optimacy*, we hear of the number

number of their *Clariſſimo*'s. All that we ſay is, they have a blot in their Eſcoucheon, a great diminution of Honour on this very account of the plurality of Governors. 'Tis more Honourable to be governed by One, more Honourable both to Governor, and Subject alſo; the firſt, that a Monarch is more Noble than any, appears by this, that He to whom ſingly the whole is committed, is more Honoured than thoſe Many to whom it is jointly entruſted, as clear, as that the whole is greater than the Part, ſo that Is diſpatched. More Honourable even for the Subject, the People governed; for thereby they get the Name of a Peaceable, Tractable, Wiſe and intelligent People, who, come the worſt that can be imagined (and whatſoever can be imagined, will be objected by turbulent perſons) had rather *ſuffer* ill than *Act* it, rather wait upon the will of Heaven, than throw themſelves into hurry and Confuſion, Confuſion being a Plague not to be found in Hell it ſelf, not to be look'd upon without horror by all who have known or heard of its diſmal Acts on the late Engliſh *Pharſalia*, an Infatuation greater than any other, which can befal a People, greater than *Lunacie*, *Mania*, or whatever ſpecies there are of diſtracted wits, in a miſerable, mercileſs People. A *Clariſſimo*

is an Honourable perſon, perhaps, in his own precinct, but abroad, he is to ſeek. A Perſon loyal to his Prince is Honoured whereſoever he comes, all Forreigners do welcome him to their coaſts. For the World hath no notion of that Honour, which Men cut out to themſelves, pitiful *glow-worms*, who ſhine by night, *rotten ſticks* that look illuſtriouſly, but in a blind corner. So of old the ignoble *Romans* having Excluded their King, Degraded their Nation, (juſt puniſhment for all ſuch hotheaded Innovotors; whoſe Honour ſpreads no farther then their Arms would hew their way) being therefore, no queſtion, aſſaulted by Kings and Princes, *Pyrrhus*, *Mithridates*, &c. becauſe they could not brook the ſo proſperous increaſe of ſo contemptible a Government.

For let me ask them, why, I pray, two Conſuls? *Rome* was not founded by two Conſuls, cannot the ſame Power which founded it, preſerve it? Why muſt Authority be broken, piece-meal, which as all other good things, are beſt, intire: In all Fractures, ſomething muſt needs fall to the ground, ſome minute parts, at leaſt. *Two heads are better than one* in Counſel, not in Government, we plead not for a Head without Eyes, Counſel overthrows not Monarchy, but eſtabliſhes it, though

though by the way it is observed also, that Counsel, if too numerous, is inconvenient for Resolution, as multiplicity of Commentators obscure the Text.

To proceed, *Two Heads* are unnatural, a monstrous Government, an *Amphibæna* in Politicks; therefore Monstrous, because they take it to be a Serpent with two Heads, discharging poison at both Orifices; nor can Two be one Politick Head so easily, there are difficulties in the Politick as in the Natural Union. For what if *Appius Coecus* thinks himself as Wise as *Volumnius*, &c. Who shall moderate or reconcile? There wants a third Consul. Or if one excel the other, then we are reduced to one Consul, the other is a very *Bibulus*. See what a task you wise Men of *Rome* have set your selves! You must find Two of the same Age, and the same Prudence, (sooner shall the *Egyptians* find a Successor to their strangely Mark'd *Apis*,) or else have One Consul still, for the Junior, in manners, must hearken to the Senior, compliment him so far, and the Inferior Family give way to the Collegue of the noblest Extraction.

Oh! *But now they are free from Tyranny and a Single Person* Alas! Two are but one degree removed from Tyranny, and Two may agree to be Tyrants, (why not?) as well as Thirty!

We have heard of thirty Tyrants in Greek Story. What remedy have you? *Oh! For that trick they shall be Elected Annually, they shall hold their Dignity but for a year.* Mark the Fears and Jealousies of People with their new Devise; the Administration of a Consulate must be Annual, lest they should design to retrieve Monarchy; so have I seen Watch and Ward observed in a House to keep possession against the true Owner; Lo the difference of Monarchy from other Governments! Behold and love it, for if *Fears* and *Jealousies* may be created sometimes under it, other Governments are meerly founded upon them; while Monarchy alone is founded upon Law, Natural, Age, Authority, Love, Prudence, &c.

Take the *Venetian* State, behold the *Italian* Jealousies, not of their Wives, but of their Governors, the Grand Duke must not budge out of Town without the leave of the Senate, O pitiful Grand Duke! O pitiful *Venetians*! For if the Duke should once go out of Town, the Ducal Coronet blossoms into a Crown. And call you this Liberty? He lives in Slavery, who lives in perpetual Fear, a very *Gyrus* and *Geta* who always dread his Master's coming. Nor let any Man tell me this Estate hath lasted a great while, what is inferred from thence? Nothing of Nature or right

right Reason in it, 'tis a forced Government still, wherefore 'tis wonderful it hath lasted so long, ('tis true) because things against Nature use to have a shorter Period.

Now admit that *Annual* Government were not founded in Fears and Jealousies, yet still in a Sovereign 'tis unreasonable and ridiculous; unreasonable, because all Government requires Use and Experience, besides Authority, to answer that infinite dispatch that is expected, but an *Annual* Magistracy is confined to so short a Term, that the Governor scarce learns how to behave himself, till he is ready to lay it down. All the benefit is, that the Annual Administration is very convenient for Chronology indeed, but the same convenience would be greater, if they were stated yet shorter: Let the Consuls therefore be chosen to hold a Month, or as the *Decemviri* were to rule in turn for a Day.—'Tis all Boyes-play, Picture and Pageant Princes of Revels, and Lords of a May-time, rather than Government in earnest intended.

Nor do we intend to say that Monarchy is more Excellent on the account of its Antiquity, but also for its intrinsick perfection, the most Sufficient and Responsible to all Intents and Purposes which brought Government at

firſt into the World. I have ſaid 'tis to Government ſolely intended by Nature, it cannot be denied but 'tis the *Standard* of all the reſt, for in Ariſtocracy and Democracy all plurality of Votes effect nothing but by Virtue of the ſingle Form. They muſt be of *One* Head and *One* Mind, as if *One* ſingle Perſon, elſe they can determine nothing. Now ſeeing a *Nemine Contradicente* is ſeldom ſeen, they muſt be concluded by the *Major Part*, which Major part rightly apprehended, is the ſpurious Monarch, an Individual *Multiplied*, though but *One* in it ſelf, or rather the *many* playing Mercuries part to the Auditors, while all wiſe Men know there is but one *Soſia*.

And what can be required at the hands of Government which is not here found? Juſtice, we have it in Monarchy: For Kings and Judges of Old were the ſame Perſons, Honour we have it in Monarchy; Liberty, yea even Liberty, as I ſhall ſhew, we have it in Monarchy; Safety from all civil Diſcords and Seditions, we find in Monarchy; Safety from Enemies abroad; who muſt go in and out before us but the Monarch? And this the *Antimonarchiſts* could never wipe off; Three *hundred heads* in time of Exigency, in time of War, are feign to have recourſe to a *ſingle* Perſon; the *Romans* not long after their *Regi-*

fugium,

fugium, (that they might ſee that their Rebellion was ſenſeleſs, when they ſtood in need of the Government, which they had lately Expelled) were forced to pitch upon a General, whom they called indeed a Dictator, to blind poor People, when none could be more abſolute King than he.

Here is the Tryal of Government, as of the Pilot in a Storm; In a Calm we may have Liberty—to fiſh, if we pleaſe, but in a Storm we muſt receive the Word of Command. Was it ever heard of in the World, that an Army was led by a Committee, to March up before their Diviſions, and Menace Death to the Oppoſer? O Alas poor Souls! They muſt in their Rank obſerve the Right hand Man; and ſo ſeeming Commanders are indeed Common Soldiers: As ſoon ſhall ſo many Ganders marching before their Diviſions be terrible to the Foe.

Yet this is not all: Without Monarchy they cannot ſo much as raiſe an Army, for the Enemy being at door; to ſee the ill luck of it, when the Conſul Muſters, and the Tribune Disbands as faſt, they muſt Chuſe a Dictator to make a Muſter.

You will ſay this is *pro tempore* only; But what will be ſaid, if all new Forms and Models return at laſt to their old Monarchs, as the

River will run in its own *Alveus*. I must not here recount what Piques and Stratagems there are or have been laid against *Venice*, much less will I divine how near our unhappy Neighbours are to their Reduction, to be *United*, not against, but under their Head: All the World knows, that the *Roman* State, of *Royal* became *Popular*, and at last *Imperial*.

Here we should be Injurious to the Auditors, if they be not Reminded, That those who have been zealous in violating Monarchy, having commonly given the World sad warning by their remarkable *Exit*. Not one of them who Assassinated *Cæsar*, which came not to a violent end, and the Surly ill principled Family of *Bruti* shew that this is Heavens perpetual Method; since *Cæsar*'s Assassinate was slain in Battel by *Octavius*, as Four hundred Years before, his Ancestor was slain by *Aruns*, to teach us, that if we list not to be Ruled by the Publick, the Indignation of Heaven will Commissionate a private Hand to order us; where the *Scepter* will not sway, the *Sword* must; and who can forget the Dire, but most just Fate, of our late *Regicides*, who deserved to be pitied, but that some others do more deserve it, I mean such as will not take warning from their lamentable Period. Never shall I wonder, if a dry

Gallows

Gallows frighteth not a Thief, when Exenteration and Quartering deterr not a Traytor. From such a tender Conscience Heaven deliver us.

Yea, but to be free from Tyranny and Arbitrary Rule of a single Person, who often invades Liberty, and Property; violates the Priviledges of the Subject; is not this desirable? Under Monarchy we suffer in our Estates; Taxes, Subsidies drain our Purses, and after too great evacuation leave them gasping for Life; whereas under Democracy the People shall be Princes, and in what Government there is, we all shall have a share.

Can this in our Case be pleaded still, notwithstanding what hath been just now delivered; I had thought the hints of an Ignominious deserved death should fright us from these Abortive dangerous Fansies. I answer fairly, Give me a *free* Republick with all my heart, where I may be free from Slavery and *Treason* too, where I may be free, Body and Soul, from the foul blot of *Rebellion*. The name of Rebel eats into and cankers the Flesh, beside it sticks like a Curse to the Race and Line of the Attempter; Incest, Blasphemy, Parricide, Sacrilege, Four foul Offences; but Rebellion, so foul it is, involves Three of them.

Again, let the Objectors Prudence consider

not

not only the Present, but something of the Future, who knows what will be after him? We have said and seen with thanks to Heaven, that a banished Prince may return again: In thy Behaviour to the Publick have regard say I to thy own Posterity: Thou shalt live but thy while; leave thy Children thy own and thy *Prince's* blessing; thy Deeds and Writings perhaps will not secure thy Estate to thy Heirs, unless thou draw up an Act of Oblivion, which since thou canst not do, let thy Heirs have no occasion for it. They who need it for their Babes, must, when they dye, pray that the Prince may never be restored, that Right may never take place, which beside the Fruitlesness of the Wish, how conducible it is to those, who commend themselves to another World, Let any sober Man judge.

As for *Tyranny* and *Arbitrary* Power, Who will give us the Definition of a Tyrant? 'Tis more easie to asperse than define. Every Charge against a Governor will not amount to Tyranny, as neither every Indictment of the Subject will come up to Treason. He who calls a Prince a Tyrant calls him Monster, Murders, Buries, yea stakes his Body; for none is a Tyrant, but he who in spite of all Natural or Divine Law, doth what he pleaseth; Unless you can insert that *killing* clause of felonious

lonious Indictment, *Having not the Fear of God before his Eyes*, you are no Subject, but a Viper, and deserve to be trod on, after you have hissed and shewn your Teeth. In the rastness of Administration, 'tis a Miracle, if there be no Failures: In the receipt of a sum of thousands, there may be one or two less currant Pieces without the reproach, I hope, of Thievery or Cheat. How many times doth Innocence it self (to say nothing of unavoidable Oversight) in a Governor, suffer as grievously as wilful Malice? Even *Lycurgus*, 'tis a shame to hear it, was affronted, pelted with Stones, and driven from his Kingdom: History rings how just he was, and yet how savagely used. And so 'tis fresh in our Memories, how the meekest and most innocent of all Princes was stabb'd by the Vulgar, by the Inscription of *ultimus Tyrannorum*. Naughty Men calumniate strongly for their own ends, cry out upon One to set up an hundred Tyrants: Besides that many Administrations of Government may be pretended to be Arbitrary, not because they are so, but because they are less usual, according to some Emergencies extraordinary. Some wise Men say that in all Supremacy, there must be some use of unconfined and arbitrary Power, which they prove by the Confession and

Practice

Practice of the People, where they arrogate Supremacy; but if this be too high or harsh a string for us, then we say, whatever Tyranny or arbitrary Power signifies, 'tis a refractory Spirit to cry out upon the best Form, for the apprehension of those Abuses, which have been found in their own Tumults and new Models. *Cade* and *Tyler* of old, as he who made the filthy rhime to *Magna Charta*, were rascally Tyrants. Arbitrary Government by Arms, Rumps, and Committees; most Men, who either love the Republick or their own Estates, do dread the return of such confounded Republicks. To speak what I think, if we search the Wound to the bottom, 'tis an impatiency of all Government Divine, though it be in an untutored selfish People, that makes them so free in aspersing our Governors; such who have been bred to understand nothing so much as their private Interest, instead of good Manners or Religion it self.

As to our *Liberty*, we have already said, that just Liberty is not invaded, for unjust and unnatural, why is it desired? What Man, who is truly Man, dare stand by the wild Notion of the vulgar Liberty? Let loose the Felons then, and the Mad-men, the Prisons and Bedlam be broke open in the Name of Liberty; and let no Man be bound, (That

suits

ſuits finely indeed, (*To be bound*) no not to their good Behavior. Let all young Men, Apprentices, command their Indentures, and renounce or cancel their Oaths of faithful Service. Let the Tenants deny Service to their Land-Lords, for a Land-Lord is but a linch of Tyranny, and what is Rent, but an exaction of Tribute? By Nature we are all as good, one as another, and as free: Let us remove therefore all Encroachments (to ſpeak out) of the Rich upon the meaner ſort, and let Right be done, that is, let no great One run away with All, and an Hundred have juſt nothing: Let a through Reformation and Reſtitution be made of our ancient Liberty, and let Eſtates and Fortunes be ſweetly levelled, for Government is a Yoke? Do our Lords think to make Brutes of us? This is the Senſe not only of the *Roman* Slaves, and *Imperial* Boors, who break out into Seditions at every Opportunity, but of the poorer ſort among our ſelves; ſee we the neceſſity of Government! For who can out-vote them, who have moſt Voices? It is expedient therefore for them to be inſtructed, that Levelling is Confuſion, neither has Nature made all equal, witneſs the difference of Ages, Statures, Beauties, Parts or Gifts of the Mind. Government is as neceſſary as Breathing, 'tis called a Yoke, but an eaſie

eaſie one, (and ſo we may call our Garments, if we pleaſe, becauſe they are juſt fit to our Bodies and keep them from growing out of ſhape.) Religion is alſo called a Yoke, and I hope, we are not weary of that. Add, that Liberty is a Faculty of operating according to our Station: We illuſtrate it by the Members of the Body, who in their Stations have their Freedoms and *Privileges* alſo, but yet exactly keep due Order; the Foot may draw on a neat Pantofle; the Hand put on a fine perfumed Cordovan; the Foot may walk forward, backward, ſtand, caper, dance; the Hand may give, take, exerciſe it ſelf to work or play: But neither may the hand aſſinate the Face, or pull out the Eye, nor may one Foot kick againſt the other. No Man hath Liberty to forget himſelf; vulgar People, like little Children, think their Liberty is infringed, when, the Troth is, they are bleſs'd with Government; ſo did I reckon, when I was a Child, that I was in Priſon when I was in my good Father's Houſe, becauſe he pleaſed to reſtrain me from ſome Licenciouſneſs, which was indulged in other Children: Attend, my dear Country-men, if I had enjoyed my Liberty, I had been undone; I ſee now that my Father's reſtraint was for my good: Liberty is good, but we muſt not ſurfeit upon it, a convenient Doſe is very proper. This

This being observed, I dare boldly say, there is no true Liberty, such as consists with Natural Order, but under Monarchy. We have branched out its Subordinations) as the Natural Body shoots it self into Limbs) from the Sovereign to the Peasant; as then it is in the Natural Body, the Foot cannot *petition* to have the Arm lopp'd off, and set it self in its room; so neither can the Peasant on pretence of Liberty challenge the Coat of a Gentleman; nor every Gentleman expect a Patent to be a Baron: In other Common-wealths 'tis called Liberty; it is monstrous Deformity or Dislocation of Members, where the Leg grows out of the Armpit, and its proud of the Preferment. But as proud as it is, it is a foul Spectacle, and the true Augurs will tell you such monstrous Governments ought to be abolished.

Taxes and Tallage are the easiest part of the Objection, since Nature requires it, and all Religion allows it is due, every Profession demands a Fee, every Office its Salary; 'Tis only Rusticks, and want of Breeding, who attaint the Priest, the Lawyer, the Physician, for a covetous Generation, while they only expect their Dues: Governors are Ministers attending continually upon the discharge of their Office; and must they only be unpaid for their Attendance? Your Coach-man and Wa-

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ter-man must be considered for their Attendance; Bees have more Justice, who maintain their Master at the Charge of the Hive. If God had made the Governors immortal, He, nor They would have expected Subsidy, but seeing the Prince partakes of the Common Nature, 'tis barbarously said to starve Him, and tends to nought, but the change of Government; as they, who lie before a City in hope to famish it, seek to master it.

Now to all Experience it is contrary to hope for redress from Contribution under a Democracy, the *Romans* ceased the People to purpose, and spared not, they knew the Estates of each Citizen, and they made use of them. It would do one good to consider how free our Neighbour *Estates* are from Assessments and Taxes, or to remember brave *Oliver's* Ninety thousand pound, with an additament of Thirty thousand more to make it up 120000 *lib. per mensem.* Pay your Excise for shame, O ye well wishers to Democracy, and mutter not at a round Assessment, for our blessed Democracy brought these knacks into *England*: and let it not be said that these Oppressions are no Pressures, when laid on us by ignoble Usurpers, but only then, are intolerable, when called for by our Natural Prince; when we will mutter and mutter,

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fume and ſmother, till we break out into a Flame, and depopulate our Native Country, rather than pay a ſix pence *Ship-Money*.—Oh how long ſhall we be called an unruly People, who love our Prince, and yet ſell him for Six pence? When ſhall we wipe off the Reproach, ſo long thrown in our Faces, that the King of *England* is a King of *Furies*, *Rex Caco D*—*My Hart is not heard enough to ſpeak out the Word*; Whence comes this foul *Stigma* upon us? From the Stars as Mr. *Cambden* hath it, or the Temper of our Iſland? Or is it a National Corruption drawn from our *Saxon* Anceſtors, (ſince the *Britains* are of better Principles) or were we taught it by thoſe Birds of Prey, thoſe Families, (whoſe Gentry I queſtion not) who came in with the Conqueror, with this noble Reſolution, to *get* what they could, and to *part* with as little as may be? Whenceſoever it is, we ſhall never be *Queen* of Iſlands, till we have laid by ſuch low-ſpirited Principles, and ſtudied our good Name by more noble, more magnifick Reſolutions.

To conclude, the laſt is the moſt honeſt Plea of all, *viz.* that under *Democracy* we ſhall have each of us a *ſhare* in the Government, Every Man ſhall take his turn; for Monarchy ſeems a *Monopoly* of Authority, but we

deſire

desire a *Free Trade*, in such Merchandize, many Families will be the better, when the Monopoly is divided, as *Alexander*'s Empire upon his Death made several petty Princes: So it is we would be all Paramount; 'tis a very loving Proposition, and it will please our Wives be sure: But this is but a Dream, a Device to possess Peoples Heads to fool them into Turbulency: For Government is no Frolick, no ridiculous Sport at Questions and Commands, where the Servant takes his turn of a *Mock-King*, and commands all the House; but Government is a most serious Constitution to *Profit*, not to please all; implanted in Nature, and Conscience, and hence is it, that in that very sportive *way*, where a Servant is King, he cannot command his Master in all Instances of Obedience requirable without egregious Impudence.

No, no; People are to be governed: Not an Army, or a Family, or any Multitude can govern it self, they may wish their own Conservation and Welfare, but they understand not the Means conducing thereto. Every Member of the Army agrees in Victory, or common Safety desired; but the Methods, the Intrigues and Stratagems how to expedite the Whole from this *Danger*, or make them Masters of *that* Advantage, These are

Arcana,

Arcana, which the private Soldier doth not comprehend; some shrewd Pates there may be among the Country Buskins, and greater Pretenders within the City-Walls, but he would not deserve well of his Majesty, who shall advise him to search the Coffee-Assemblies for Privy Counsellors. Let them be wise, but with Submission and a hearty Belief that there are many in *Place*, wiser than themselves: Hast thou Sense and Sagacity, be thankful; but thou hast no Obligation to be proud; I will allow thee to be wiser than the *Multitude*, I find it by thy Discourse; but if thou art wiser than the *Many*, confess then with me that the Multitude ought not to govern.

I count them well employed that Religiously inquire into the Reasons of Divine Sanctions, of whom at present I would gladly know, wherefore Heaven was pleased to ordain *Successive* Monarchies and not *Elective*. Surely beside the prevention of factious Field-meetings on the People's part, and crafty ambitious Practices of the Competitor's side: He did not reckon the People under their pretended State of Liberty, to be competent Electors of their Princes: The Votes of a Commonalty can do much, yet is still questionable, whether any voting themselves to be wise and prudent, can effectually make them

them such. So irrational is the claim of chusing their Sovereign, when they have neither Power nor Skill to intitle them to it: For if they had Power, it would yet be an Offence, not to call in wiser than themselves to their Assistance: As the *Wife*, though she hath unquestioned Power, to chuse her Husband, transgresseth the Rule, if she hearkeneth not to the Advice of her Parents. For how ease is the People, how *ductile*, hammered to all Dimensions, and Degres of Tenuity, a cunning Sophister can lead them with a twin'd Thread of Rhetorick, to be *Pompeians* to day, and *Cæsarians* to morrow. So tottering, and so unballasted are their Judgments, that they turn with every Tide, and comply with the Wantonness of the Wave, if any Wind be stirring. Intoxicated with false Principles, (and such 'tis ease to infuse,) they will meet in great Bodies, as if acted by Divine *Instinct*: So will minute Fishes meeting in Shoals overturn a Navy; and an Army of Grashoppers blast and burn up all that is goodly in the Land. They say they are *Freeborn*, but they are kin to him, who would sell his Birth-right; for Beef and Country-Ale will marshal a Province. You may discover their *Character* by their Abilities in *Spirituals*: One paultry lying Spirit will found a numerous

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new Sect, which will ſtand at defiance with Humanity it ſelf: But if ſome Men will ſtrive to forget their moſt amiable Duty of Allegiance, or, in ſpite of Conſcience, throw it off, we ſhall hope ſtill, that Monarchy will perpetually flow with the largeſt Streams of time, that the Engliſh *Roſes* will never be blaſted in theſe our Gardens: That the Royal Thiſtle ſhall avenge it ſelf upon all unhallowed Fingers, that the *Genius* of the Nation, the *Brit* of our Gentry, the *Sublimity* of our Peers, the *Learning*, Principles, and Spirit of our Clergy, I may add, the Flower of *London*, its noble City and Lieutenancy, beſide the Dignity of our Iſland, the Fame of our Anceſtors (and what can I ſay more? Except I ſhould add the Decree of Heaven; of which I hope theſe are no contemptible Arguments,) will appear againſt all reſtleſs Deſigns of ignoble Republicks, wherever contrived at Club or Coffee-meeting, and that the publick Shouts of *England* and Dominion of *Water* upon every Occaſion ſhall by ringing their Loyal Ejaculations make *Holy-day* in the Air, while Heavens applauding, and the Earth dancing a Saraband, the Mountains ſhall anſwer the Voices of Man, Woman, and Child, with the dutiful, thundring Rebound of *God ſave the* KING.

FINIS.

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